

The Sketch

[No connection whatsoever with the "Daily Sketch."]



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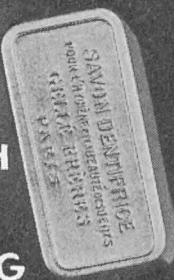
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THE SKETCH

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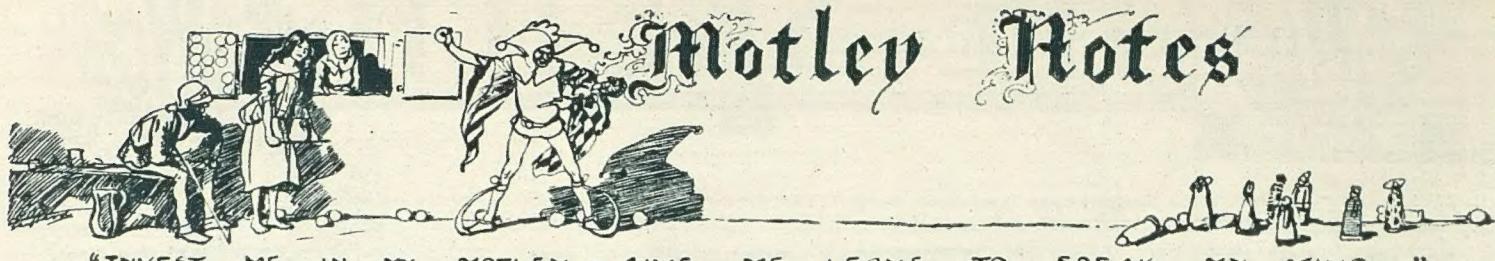
ONE SHILLING.



"STUNG!" MR. W. H. BERRY AS DIPPER TIGG, THE CROOK MARQUIS OF "THE GOLDEN MOTH."

Mr. W. H. Berry has a thoroughly satisfactory part in "The Golden Moth," the new production at the Adelphi. He is one of the chief rogues in the farcical crook musical comedy, and as the humorist who raises such hearty laughter in his victims that he can detach

their valuables while they are enjoying his witticisms, he is perfect. Our photograph shows him when, to use his own words, he has been "stung"—that is to say, something has gone wrong, and Dipper Tigg is feeling a little doleful.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]



BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Perfect Hotel.

For the best of reasons, I have lately been devoting a good deal of thought to the subject of the perfect hotel. Let me hasten to admit that there may be already in existence a thousand quite perfect hotels. I cannot remember, however, that I ever stayed in one of them. That is just a matter of luck, no doubt.

What I miss in hotels is simply the comforts of home. Every hotel manager will retort that one cannot expect all the comforts of home away from home. Probably not; but the ideal hotel is surely the one which strives to come nearest to that desired perfection.

One of my chief complaints against the average hotel is noise. If I were the manager of an hotel, I would train my staff to be as quiet as mice from midnight to eight o'clock in the morning. It is always difficult to sleep in a strange bed; it is quite impossible to do so when doors are banged, and long conversations are held in the corridors, and the arousing of some early person at six in the morning means that every visitor in the neighbourhood of that early person must also be awakened.

I have recently been staying in an hotel of lofty ambitions. Soon after midnight, when I had just laid my weary head on the pillow and sunk into slumber, a gang of tremendously strong navvies attacked the foundations of the hotel with pick-axes. They worked well. Their blows were so terrific that the structure—a substantial structure—trembled from basement to roof.

Force Majeure. At three-thirty in the morning, being unable to possess my pillow in patience any longer, I took up the telephone and inquired when the work might be expected to cease. "Oh, at once!" was the comforting reply. And cease it did—for five minutes. A message, obviously, had been conveyed to the strong navvies. But the navvies were not to be so easily deprived of their double or treble wage. They went at it again, and I had no sleep that night.

In the morning I had a friendly chat with the manager about the matter. A sympathetic fellow. He was desolated at the incident. It should never have occurred, of course, and would never, never occur again. But it did. It occurred that same night at precisely the same hour. There seemed to be more navvies this time, but perhaps the original number had larger axes. I know I used the same telephone, and received the same apologies. At daybreak I left.

To sleep—perchance to dream. Well, no hotel manager can provide pleasant dreams, but he might give one a chance to sleep.

Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

The Private Suite.

In my hotel, moreover, I should make a strong effort to bring the private suite within the means of the average visitor. As things are at present, private suites are reserved for cinema stars and the more fortunate of our Dukes. The reason for this is simple—the rooms that compose the suite are far too large.

When a millionaire crosses the Atlantic he hires a private suite consisting of sitting-room, bed-room, and bath-room. He is quite happy in it—I mean, in so far as accommodation is concerned. Well, I maintain that what is good enough for a millionaire on a rolling ship would be good enough for the average man in a stationary hotel.

Call in at the next hotel you pass and ask to be shown a private sitting-room. You will find it vast—so vast that there is really very little comfort in it. In my hotel I should have a large number of private suites, each of which would take up no more space than the bed-room or private sitting-room of the present day. I should employ as many space-saving devices as the outfitter of an ocean liner. At night-time the communicating doors could be left open, thus anticipating your objection as to the lack of air.

A private sitting-room in an hotel is a necessity, not a luxury. The first man to believe this will do well.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN SIR CECIL NEUMANN, BT.:
MISS JOAN GRIMSTON.

Miss Joan Grimston is the elder daughter of Canon the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Grimston, of Darrowfield, St. Albans, and the niece of the Earl of Verulam. Her engagement to Captain Sir Cecil Neumann, Bt., eldest son of the late Sir Sigismund Neumann, Bt., and of Lady Neumann, of 146, Piccadilly, has been announced.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

house at Shere, a wife who was also a poet, a gallant son. The wife went first; the home next; then the son was killed in the war; my poor friend lingered on in a tiny cottage, past which the brook Tillingbourne tinkled and murmured.

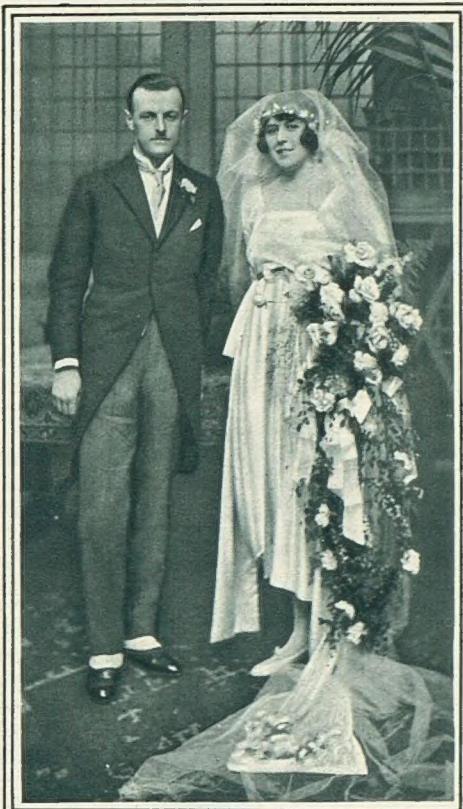
He was very good to me when I first began writing. Very sincerely I pray that his feet have found at last the Primrose Ways.

There is no time like the present! Have you not tried for the £100 common-sense gift? You will find the conditions for gaining this £100 on page xiv.

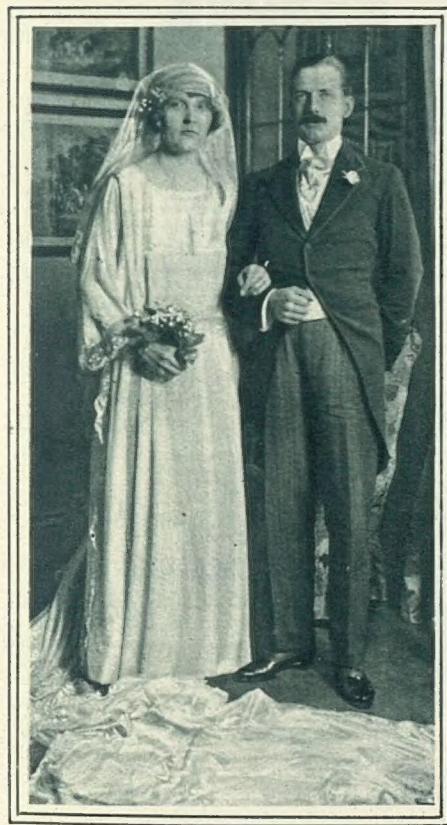
Town and Country: Weddings of the Week.



MISS HOARE, LADY BRISTOL, COLONEL MACRAE-GILSTRAP, MISS WYTHES, CAPTAIN DUNCAN MACRAE, THE BRIDEGROOM; LORD BRISTOL, MISS DOROTHY MACRAE (L. TO R., STANDING); LADY PHYLLIS HERVEY, THE BRIDE (CENTRE, SEATED), MISS BARBARA MACRAE (RIGHT, SEATED), AND (IN FRONT) MASTER COMPTON WHITWORTH AND MASTER VICTOR HERVEY.



MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: MISS DULCIE CLOWES AND MAJOR ERIC SCOTT; M.C.



MARRIED AT ST. MARK'S: CAPTAIN THE HON. IVAN HAY AND MISS PAMELA BURROUGHS.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MARJORIE LODER AND CAPTAIN C. H. DAWNAY, M.C.: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BEST MAN, BRIDESMAIDS, AND PAGES.

Lady Phyllis Hervey, younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bristol, was married at Ickworth, Bury St. Edmunds, to Captain Duncan MacRae, Seaforth Highlanders, son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. MacRae-Gilstrap, of Ellan Donan and Ballimore, Argyllshire. — Miss Dulcie Clowes, whose marriage to Major Eric Scott, M.C., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Scott, of Newton Croft, Woodhouse, near Sheffield, took place recently, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norton Clowes, Aubrey House, Reading. — Captain the Hon. Ivan Hay, third son of the Earl and Countess of Erroll, was married to Miss Pamela Burroughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George

Burroughes, of 4, Mount Street. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Rosemary Hay, Miss Joscelyne Whitbread, and Miss Diana Sackville-West; and the train-bearers the Hon. Patrick Acheson and Master Robin Baring. — The marriage of Captain Cuthbert Dawnay, M.C., son of the Hon. Eustace and Lady Evelyn Dawnay, to Miss Marjorie Loder, only daughter of Mr. Reginald and Lady Margaret Loder, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bridesmaids were Miss Enid O'Brien, Miss Dorothy Loder, Miss Thelma Cazalet, Miss Sylvia Renton, and Miss Evelyn Coote; the train-bearers, Sir Giles Loder and Master Ronald Crichton.

The Jottings of Jane;

Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

ANYTHING I say of a disagreeable nature to-day must not be put-down against me. I am looking on the world through eyes filled with bronchial tears. I hear nothing but the roaring of my own temperature reminding me that, for once, it would be a great relief to call all the cats by un-Christian names.

So to guarantee *The Sketch* against any possibility of libel actions, in the circumstances I had best begin with the very humble. On Armistice Day—the very mention of it heals a fevered brain—I did not go to any of the great places of pilgrimage. I stood for the sacred two minutes near the Cross I love best in London. There were old men and tired women of the working world around me. Very washed children brought gay little posies "To Daddie" to the foot of the Cross. Young women with old faces stood very still and lifted their eyes to the sword that is carved on the Cross. All of us standing there lived over the whole war in those two minutes. Patriotism, pride, fear, glory, anguish, exultation, bitterness, triumph, peace—only for some the peace seemed very lonely, and for some the pride was unutterably sacred, and for a few bitterness had stilled even the anguish, and there was no triumph—not during the first minute. But the souls from Flanders Fields walked in London then. They came in the silence, and they came to lift up our

hearts. Triumphant they came, till their joy touched the bitterest son of man. Almost you heard them marching. Amongst them each saw his own.

England, standing with bared head, saw the vision glorious, if only for one minute. The poppies from Flanders Fields grew in England that day. They grew on the hearts of heroes' children "For Remembrance." Women wore them bravely, their small sons clinging to their skirts. But old mothers and white-haired fathers looked unutterable love across the cobble-stones towards the Castle of Dreams that sacrifice had made all their own. . . . Who knows? Many a poor hovel may have been the richer that night. . . . Among the cobwebs and the rusty bayonets and the treasured bits of shell, great British hearts may have heard the Immortals telling of greater work still for little brothers on earth. For the world is all on edge still, and the way is dark.

But, if sunbeams are to be got out of cucumbers, Jane, get to your garden.

In London there is still the Embassy Club and Ciro's, if you feel like that. Lord and Lady Robin Innes-Ker are often at one or the other, and Lady Mainwaring and Lady Idina Gordon (who has, however, just left for East Africa), and now and then quite serious folk like Major Cartwright (Lord Birkenhead's popular secretary), or Lord Drogheda and the Portarlingtons—not that even in fun one could call either of them very serious-minded!

Suppers are up to pre-war standards again. And almost down to pre-war prices. And, unlike Paris, where women are *all* wearing nothing but unrelieved black, here we have multitudinous colours in all manner of fashions; a shower of confetti and coloured paper—"serpentinas," as they call them in Spain—once a week on gala nights, and big coloured balloons all reminding one more and more of Paris and the French Riviera; and, oh yes, once I heard of Lady Ancaster, looking very *grande dame* indeed in her tiara, having supper—on her way, doubtless, to some more dignified function.

And now the Diplomats' Club has started a set of gala nights dedicated each to one theatre. They began with "A Pins and Needles Night of Real Gaiety," and I hear that Mr. Wal Pink and all the Gaiety principals were the guests of the evening. Claridge's holds its own for dancing too, and Prince Henry was among those I saw there last week.

I saw General Sir Charles Harington the other day. He was just off to Constantinople again, all the way by rail—a four days' journey from Boulogne, I think someone said. Lady Harington goes with him this time, and she says— But when I come to think of it, almost anything anyone says nowadays about any country had best not get into print.

It isn't so much our friend the enemy Turk we are worrying about; but our hosts of Allies are all on the alert for heaven knows *what*, watching each other and us and the devil knows *who*!

Sir Charles swam across the Bosphorus the other day, and back—no easy task; and I did not hear whether or not it was to avoid any unpleasant encounter. But when an honest soldier becomes an important diplomat, all sorts of callisthenics may become necessary to avoid telling either a lie or the truth.

And, talking of diplomats, I hear of no British Ambassador in Paris as yet, though rumour has it that there are one or two ambitious ladies who travel quite a lot in the hope of convincing our popular Ambassador of their suitability to sit at the head of his table. I suspect Lord Hardinge of having his head just about as well screwed on as necessary, however. And his charming daughter makes an admirable hostess.

Which reminds me that the quondam Councillor of the British Embassy in Paris, Sir George Grahame, is also still unmarried. He is now, of course, our Ambassador in Brussels, having been especially asked for by the King of the Belgians—probably to preserve an appearance of proportion at parties, where hitherto the King towered



2. So she decides to have a "furniture burglary"—they are very fashionable at present. She and Algy, carefully disguised, remove the offending furniture at dead of night, and deposit it—very appropriately—in one of those places where the public is invited "to shoot rubbish."

above all others. Sir George is about six foot four, and, anyhow, it seems as good a reason as any other in these days of meteoric promotions, though I can't expect the Foreign Secretary to agree with me. I take courage from the hope that he is too busy these days with Cuban Missions and Egyptian Pashas to read "Irrepressible



1. Some time ago Angela was misguided enough to refurnish her flat in the "Modern Manner." This is a subject for bitterest regret.

Jane" at all. In any case, Jane likes Sir George Grahame (and adores, from a conventional distance, as all great men should be adored—Lord Curzon). But Jane owes Sir George Grahame a grudge. Once his Excellency presented a cup for competition at a certain foreign golf club. And he asked Jane to be his partner. Jane, all of a



3. And the insurance people are too delighted to pay their claim.

tremble, asked why. The answer, however sporting, was not diplomatic: "Because I want to make quite certain of not winning my own cup." Is it necessary to state that my clubs have since grown rusty?

And (since we are so deep in diplomacy) I hear that Mr. Vansittart is back from Venice with his bride, who is slight and dark and charming and pretty, and has lived in Paris most of her life. The little revolutionary outbreak in Venice afforded them much comic-opera amusement, not altogether unmixed with fear.

I saw Mr. Hugo Rumbold to-day—very pleased with his production in "A to Z," where I believe we must now go if we would meet each other—we who matter, I mean! (He didn't say that, though. For an artist he is, indeed, exceptionally modest.) And I heard all about Lady Ribblesdale's party, where some sixty people danced till dawn, which must mean that Lord Ribblesdale is nearly well at last. The romantic Grand Duke Dimitri was there, and lots of lovely girls and young men. It is whispered that a very great *parti* indeed is imploring Lady Ribblesdale to give him her daughter. As she is only eighteen, and a great heiress, and a very charming girl, it seems inevitable that she will marry early. And, as money invariably goes to money, I suppose this will prove no exception. (And, in case my paragraph is misleading, I don't mean the Grand Duke Dimitri.) And I heard of Mme. de Sainte Aulaire's dinner-party for the Poincarés—a very important and formal function, where all the men wore full-dress decorations.

The French Ambassador received her guests in the *foyer* of the Ritz Hotel, and then led the way with M. Poincaré to the Louis XVI. private *salon*, where sixty-two sat down to dinner round a table very beautifully decorated with golden leaves and chrysanthemums.

Mme. de St. Aulaire looked very handsome in silver brocade, as also did Mme. Poincaré in cream satin with an ermine stole. Lady Curzon of Kedleston, in long black velvet gown with pearls, looked, as she always does on these State occasions, very appropriately dignified and beautiful. Mme. Merry del Val, the *doyenne* of the Corps Diplomatique, was charming and as vivacious as ever in mauve satin and a long tulle scarf *en suite*. Mrs. Winston Churchill was lovely in black ninon; and the American Ambassador in black and the Belgian Ambassador in oyster-grey are just a few that I remember.

I went to the Duchess of Sutherland's small dance the other night at Hampden House (that used to belong to the Abercrombs), and, needless to say, we all enjoyed it enormously. Her own capacity for enjoyment is most infectious always, and ensures a happy party. (She has just gone to Paris for a brief visit.) And then I went to the St. Moritz dance—most people called it Frank Curzon's dance.

He was one of the St. Moritz pioneers, and has helped to organise the dance at the Hyde Park Hotel. He gave a dinner party for it, I hear, that included, amongst others, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Curzon, and her younger daughter, Sir John and Lady Lavery, Major and Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, Lady Jane Combe's two pretty daughters, the Lionel Tennysons, and a host of young dancing men.

At the top of the stairs you were greeted by a very realistic representation of St. Moritz in white plaster, with little toy pine-trees scattered over the mountain-tops, through which a model of the famous Cresta Run wound its perilous way round the familiar "Church Leap," etc. The well-beloved Dr. Holland was there, of course, ready to explain all about everything to his many St. Moritz friends. The well-remembered faces of the Littlefields were the finishing touch.

Amongst Cresta Run tobogganers I saw Colonel Moore-Brabazon (who had also given a dinner-party); and another old pre-war St. Moritz-ite was Major Kennard, and yet another, Mrs. Ronald Cubitt (Mrs. George Keppel's daughter), who, however, was a mere child in her St. Moritz days. I remember the first time I saw her, as little Sonia Keppel, being brought into the Palace Hotel with a much-bandaged head after a serious bob-sleigh accident round "hair-pin" corner. She was in a very becoming yellow taffeta gown at the dance, dancing a great deal with her young husband—a truly happy couple.

Mrs. Ward (*née* Muriel Wilson) was looking very well in an orange and opal sequin dress with orange tulle. Mrs. Dudley Ward, in purple lace, had her young sister, Miss Vera Birkin, with her, also in purple, which, by the way, seems to be almost as popular in London as black is in Paris.

What else this week? The delightful luncheon at the Carlton given by Adly Yeghen Pasha to about twenty-five guests, including Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd, Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil Graham (Lord Middleton's daughter, who is just off to Rome with her husband, our new Ambassador there), Sir John and Lady Ethel Baird, Lady Cunard, Sir Edward Grigg (the P.M.'s Secretary), and Mrs. Ronnie Greville, who is leaving this week for India to stay with the Viceroy.

And, of course, the marriage of Lord Erroll's son, Mr. Ivan Hay, to Miss Pamela Burroughes, where I arrived too late to see anything



4. Algy and Angela spend many happy hours discussing what manner of furniture they will have now. Life is singularly simple when hampered by no furniture at all. For one thing, one can entertain no guests.

but a crowd of backs. But it was a lovely sunny day, and the glimpse I had of white tulle and red silk (the Hay colours) bridesmaids was delightful.

There were many interesting presents. Queen Alexandra sent the bridegroom (who was a page of Queen Victoria) a diamond monogram pin, and the Princess Royal sent a water-colour sketch.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

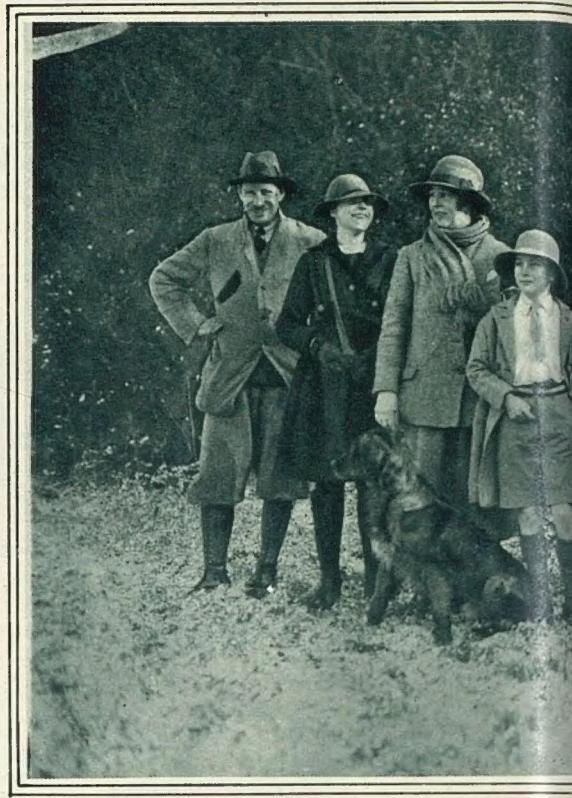
RETRIEVER TRIALS, COURSING, HUNTING, GOLF



WITH RUFUS OF KENTFORD: THE HON. MRS. SALMOND AND THE HON. MRS. GRIGG.



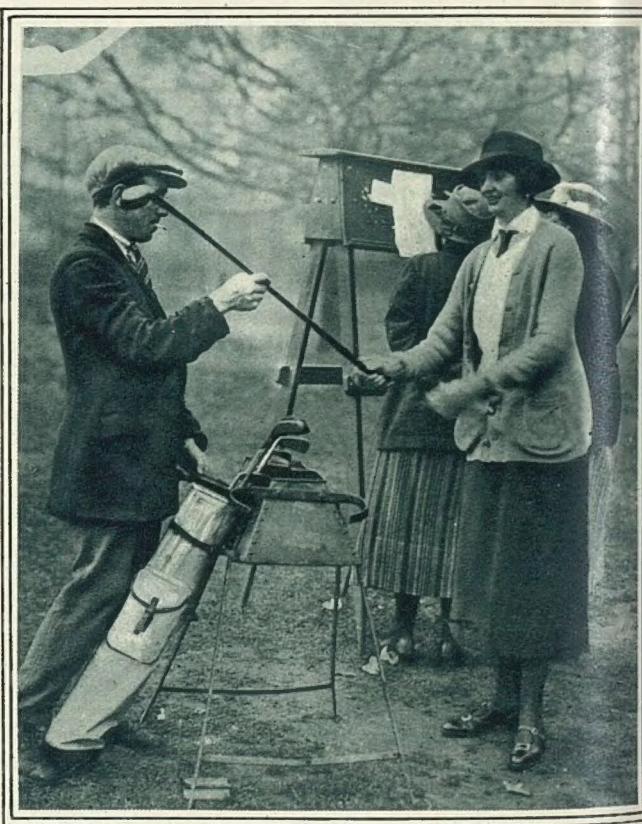
WITH HER TWO COMPETITORS AT THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER TRIALS: THE HON. MRS. GRIGG.



WATCHING THE TRIALS: LORD LEWISHAM, THE HON. WILLIAM LEGGE, THE HON. DIANA LEGGE, MAJOR PALMER



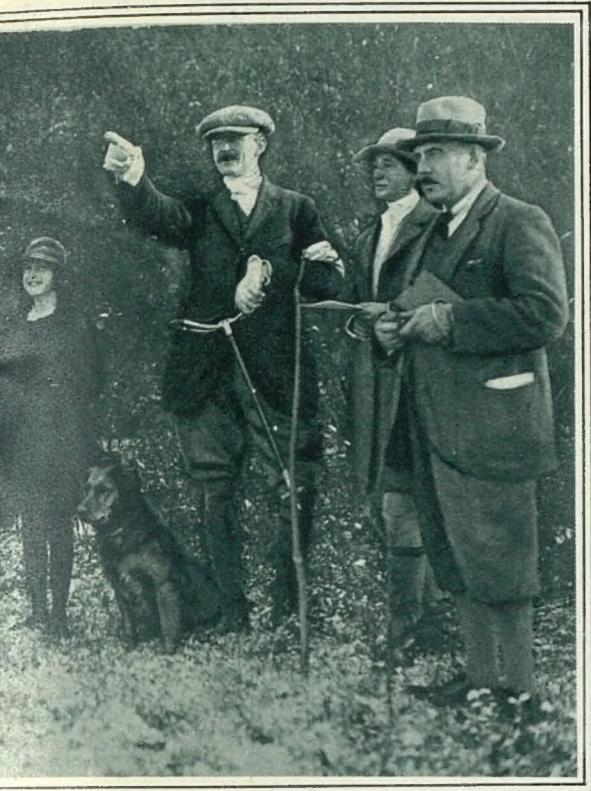
AT THE SUSSEX COUNTY COURSING MEETING: LADY WOODMAN BURBIDGE, MR. GRANT, AND MISS FAWCETT, WITH FLASH AND FLARE.



PLAYING IN THE HANGER HILL MEETING IN AID OF LORD HAIG FUND: THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE.

The Hon. Mrs. Grigg (who competed at the Golden Retriever Trials held at Godmersham Park, near Canterbury, with Rufus of Kentford and Boss of Kentford), and the Hon. Mrs. Salmond, are sisters of Lord St. Leonards.—Lord Lewisham is the son of the Earl of Dartmouth, and is shown with his son, the Hon. William Legge, and his daughters, the Hon. Elizabeth and the Hon. Diana Legge.—Major L. Palmer was President of the Trials, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Brockley one of the judges.—Mrs. Charlesworth won the silver cup for the best dog bred by the competitor at the Trials, with Noranby Camp Fire, who is nine and a half years' old, and has already won nine challenge

AND SHOOTING: PICTURES OF SPORTING SOCIETY.



ELIZABETH LEGGE, THE HON. MRS. GRIGG, THE HON. WILLIAM MISS DODD, AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BROCKLEY.

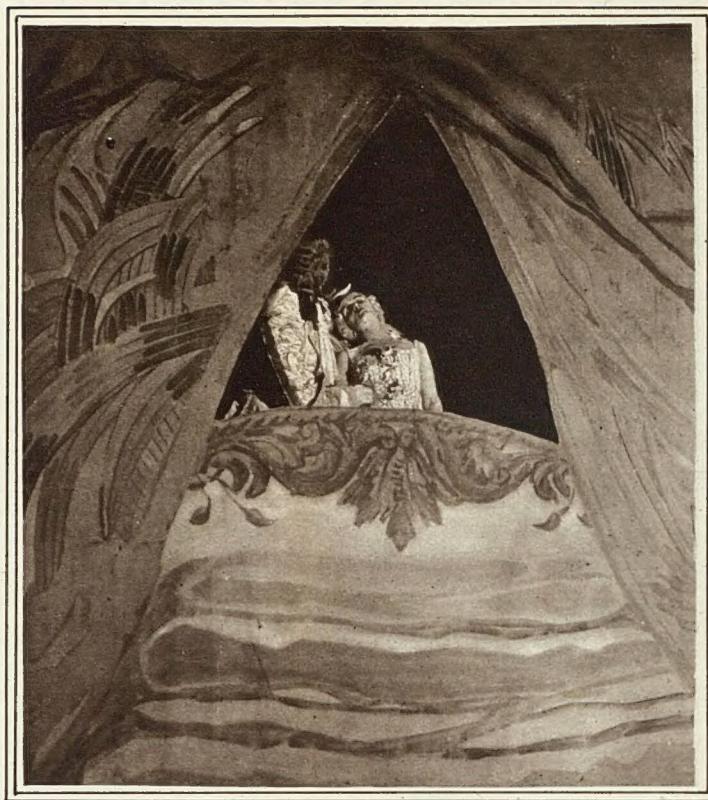
WITH HER CHAMPION GOLDEN RETRIEVER,
NORANBY CAMP FIRE: MRS. CHARLESWORTH.THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF LADY LINLITHGOW:
LADY JOAN HOPE, AND HER PONY.A YOUNG SPORTSMAN WITH HER FATHER: THE HON. HELEN PRIMROSE
AND LORD DALMENY.BY THE COVERT SIDE AT KINNAIRD CASTLE: LORD SOUTHESK
AND LADY ARBUTHNOT.

certificates.—Lady Joan Hope is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow.—Flash and Flare, shown with Lady Woodman Burbidge, was a divider in the Sussex Oaks at the Sussex County Coursing Meeting, held at Aldingbourne.—The Marchioness of Carisbrooke played in the Hanger Hill Meeting of the Ladies' Parliamentary, Medical, United Services, Stage and Ladies' Golfing Societies.—The Hon. Helen Primrose, Lord Dalmeny's little daughter, was born in 1913.—Lord Southesk recently had a big shooting party at Kinnaird Castle, Brechin.—[Photographs by W. A. Rouch, S. and G., Ian Smith, P.I.C.]

Tchaikovsky - Bakst : "The Sleeping Princess."



THE WICKED FAIRY ARRIVES AT THE CHRISTENING :
MME. CARLOTTA BRIANZA.



BEFORE THE AWAKENING : PRINCESS AURORA
AND PRINCE CHARMING.



THE WEDDING : THE GROUP IN THE FINAL SCENE.

"The Sleeping Princess" is one of the most gorgeously staged ballets ever given in London by the Russians, and is drawing all London to the Alhambra. Tchaikovsky's enchanting music; Bakst's scenery and costumes; the original choreography of Marius Petipa, reproduced by M. Sergueiff; the action scenes and special dances produced by Mme. Nijinska, sister of Nijinsky; and M. Gergor Fittelberg, of the Moscow Opera, and Mr. Eugen Goosens jun., of Covent Garden, in alternate

charge of the orchestra, make a great combination. The ballet has five scenes—The Christening, The Spell, The Vision, The Awakening, and The Wedding—all of which are of entrancing beauty. One or two passages in the music, left unfinished by the composer, have been orchestrated by Stravinsky. The dancers include the charming Lopokova, Tchernicheva, Sokolova, and Olga Spessiva, one of the newcomers to this country.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY WALTER BENINGTON.

Oil on Troubled Waters!



THE SYMPATHETIC LADY (after colliding with the artist and knocking down his picture): Dear me, what a pity it should have fallen on the sticky side!

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

JEOPARDISED BY THE HARD WEATHER



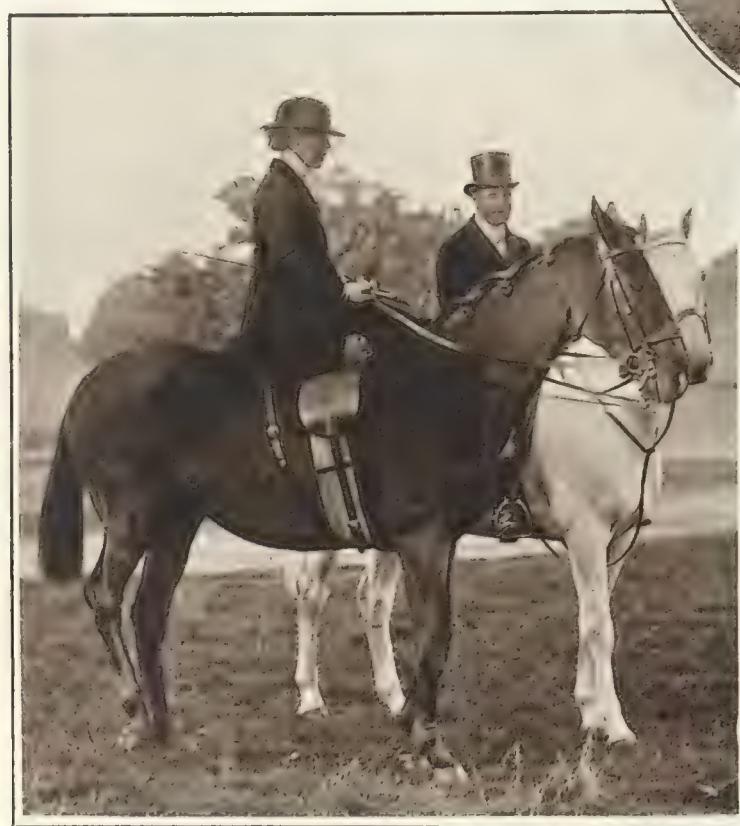
AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE SOUTH BERKS: MR. GUY HARGREAVES, M.F.H., CHATTING TO A FARMER.



CUBBING WITH THE WHADDON CHASE: LADY MARY FITZMAURICE, MRS. JOHN REW, AND MISS BURROWS.



AT THE OPENING MEET OF THE SURREY UNION: MRS. AND MISS RITCHIE.



OUT WITH THE GARTH: MRS. CROCKER AND LORD DOWNSHIRE.



AT A MEET OF THE CHESHIRE AT HIGHWAY SIDE: LADY URSULA GROSVENOR.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE CHESHIRE (MOUNTED) AND UNMOUNTED.



AT A RECENT MEET OF THE CHESHIRE (LEFT), WITH THE CHIEF RIDER.

Our pages show some hunting enthusiasts with different well-known packs, at meets which were held before the hard weather stopped the sport in some parts of the country and jeopardised it everywhere. Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, who hunts with the Whaddon Chase, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Orkney. Mrs. L. A. Jackson is the wife of the Master of the Garth. Mr. C. E. Heath is Joint Master of the Surrey Union, with Mr. H. C. Lee Steere. Mrs. Crocker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Pilkington, of Wheathill,

HUNTING WITH SOME FAMOUS PACKS.



GARTH: MRS. L. A. JACKSON
MRS. BARKER.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE SURREY UNION: MR. C. E. HEATH
(JOINT MASTER), GENERAL SIR GERRARD AND LADY HEATH.



TWO OF THE FIRST FLIGHT WITH THE EAST KENT:
THE MISSES TREHEARN, OF ACRISE MANOR.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE GARTH AT STANLAKE
PARK: SIR ALFRED SLADE AND MISS FREDA MEATES.



HOW THE TERRIERS TRAVEL WITH THE EAST
KENT: MAJOR DAVIES AND HIS SIDE-CAR.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE SOUTH DEVON AT DENBURY:
THE HON. MRS. VANE AND MISS BANNATYNE.

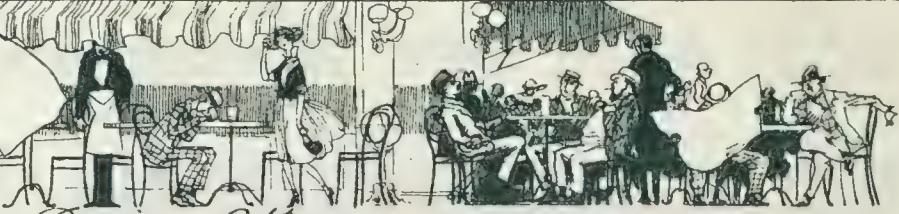


PYTCHLEY: LADY LOWTHER
MRS. CAYZER.

Huyton, Liverpool, and is a very fine horsewoman. Lady Ursula Grosvenor, who has been elected the Lady Patroness of the Tarporley Hunt, is the elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster. Lady Lowther is the wife of Sir Charles Lowther, and Mrs. Cayzer the wife of Major Harold Cayzer. Their husbands are the Joint Masters of the Pytchley. Major Davies is shown with the East Kent terriers for digging out, in his side-car.—[Photographs by P.I.C., L.N.A., Farringdon Photo. Co., T.P.A., S. and G., and Eric Guy.]

Other People's Troubles

A Paris Letter



IF in England we take our pleasure sadly, in France we take our tragedies comically. I have seen plenty of shoulders shimmying, but I have seen no shoulders shuddering at the mention of the name of Landru. He is, to use a French expression, found *rigolo*, and his playful habit of burning those he loved is considered to be exceedingly funny. It has been impossible this week to move

anywhere in Paris without hearing discussions about the man of Gambais. He furnishes a burning topic. The odd thing is that no one appears shocked at the exploits of this alleged multi-murderer. In every revue he figures as a rather amusing sort of person. For more than two years his *bons mots* have been repeated. One would imagine that killing is a fine practical joke, and that to have had nearly three hundred fiancées makes Landru in his way a perfect genius!

Paris women were indeed disappointed that the places in the little Versailles court were reserved for journalists. "What did he look like?" I have been asked eagerly at every turn. The simple truth is that Landru looks like a commonplace shifty individual. Anyone less like a lady-killer—in every sense of the word—it would be hard to imagine. He is old, haggard, bald, and bearded. Not at all a charmer! The antipodes of a *bel homme*! "But has he not hypnotic qualities?" it is asked. They are

certainly not in evidence, and for my part, I disbelieve in them entirely. These feminine adventures—apart from their unhappy sequels—appear facile enough. The case of Landru should be humiliating for those amorous Frenchmen who love to boast of their *conquêtes*.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

certainly not in evidence, and for my part, I disbelieve in them entirely. These feminine adventures—apart from their unhappy sequels—appear facile enough. The case of Landru should be humiliating for those amorous Frenchmen who love to boast of their *conquêtes*.

As for the witticisms which have been attributed to him, they must be received with scepticism. Have you observed how all the reporters took care to announce that the trial would by no means resemble a piece by Rip or by Sacha Guitry? They had misgivings in advance. While Landru was shut up in his cell, it was easy to invent all kinds of scintillating remarks. It was easy to create a Landru legend. But when the Bluebeard of Gambais was brought into a public place, it was not easy to pretend that he is a sparkling personage. He became a *triste* and deplorable specimen of his kind. He could not live up to his false reputation.

I wonder why such an astounding series of wretched tragedies should have been found *drôles*. If Landru is guilty he is a monster. He is in no sense *un type sympathique*. The psychological explanation, I suppose, is that no one really believed that a man like Landru was possible. He became a sort of myth. Indeed, there have been people who asserted that he was invented by M. Clemenceau to divert the public! Just as French farces are not immoral because they are absurdly untrue, so Landru was not revolting because he did not appear to be human.

Precisely for the same reason I cannot altogether admire, as it is now the fashion to admire, the new piece of Sacha Guitry. It is clever, it is dramatic, it is full of interesting passages; but it is not convincing. The inimitable French playwright seems to be amusing himself even when he writes tragedy. "Jacqueline," which has just been produced at the Théâtre Edouard VII., is indeed done with dexterity; but it is hard to feel that it corresponds to realities. And yet what a reception! Sacha Guitry is once more hailed as the playwright who surpasses all other playwrights, past, present, or future. As for M. Henri Duvernois, who wrote the tale on which *l'enfant gâté* of the French stage constructed his piece, one critic describes him as better than Guy de Maupassant. The name of Dostoevsky is also mentioned by the same critic—which proves that one need not be consistent in one's comparisons.

Still, Lucien Guitry, undoubtedly one of the finest actors of our day, is given a good opportunity of displaying his virtuosity. Yvonne Printemps—who has nothing to do with the emporium of that name which was recently burnt down—is also seen at her best. We start off with a murder—

murders furnish the favourite theme for amusements just now. We end up with another murder. Thus the wheel comes round full circle. The first murder is that of the faithless wife of a rich and hard banker. (All bankers are rich and hard on the stage.) The murderer is the wife of the victim's partner in the matrimonial mix-up. The rich and hard banker cannot understand why his wife was not completely happy with him. He denounces her, and assists the murderer to escape the punishment of her crime.

The rest of the play is devoted to showing how the rich and hard banker, at the price of his vanity, gradually realises that he has not the fascinations of a Landru—that, on the contrary, he repels women. If his wife was unhappy, it was all his fault. It is a bitter pill to swallow, but he swallows it, and naturally changes his sentiments towards his dead wife. He blames himself and he becomes tender towards

her. Can you not already see the second murder? Why, of course, when the woman who has killed his wife, now free, proposes that she and the hard and rich banker might well link their lives together, he experiences a revulsion of feeling, and strangles her under the portrait of his dead wife! Grrrrrrrr! No, we are not at the Grand Guignol. This is the Théâtre Edouard VII.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.



"AULD HORNIE" AS POIRET SEES HIM: THE DEVIL IN THE REVUE.

One of the most amusing dresses in "Vogue," the revue by Paul Poiret, Saint Cranier, and Briquet, which has created such a sensation in Paris, is the "Devil" costume shown in this photograph. It is certainly a frivoulously entertaining vision of the personage whom the poet Burns was accustomed to refer to as "Auld Hornie"—he would have had to alter the name to "Young Hornie" if he had seen this Poiret-clad lady!

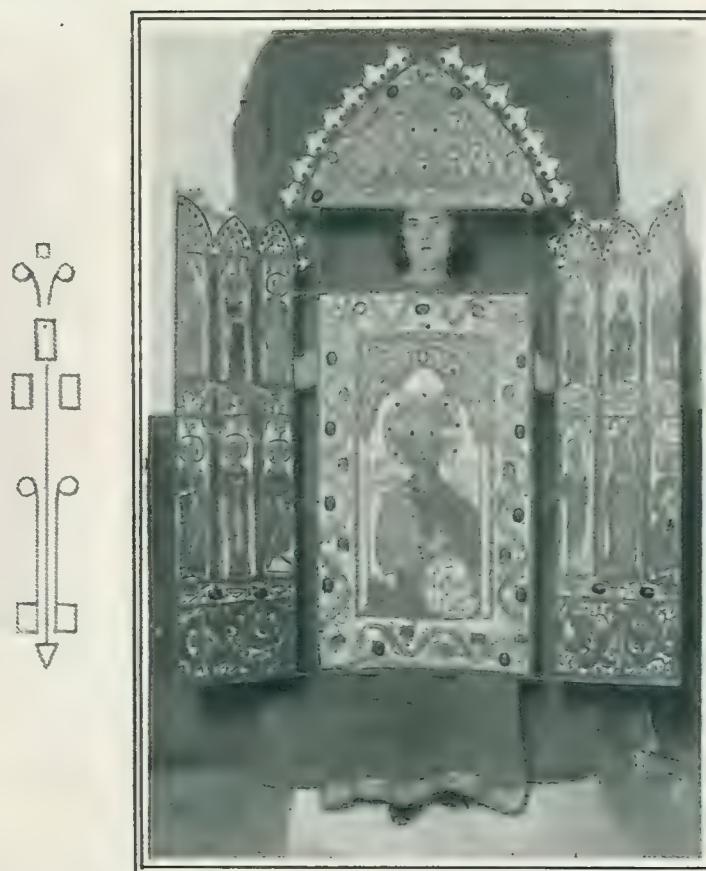
Photograph by Keystone View Co.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Poiret as Revue-Maker: Juggling in Colours.



CHESS IN THE PARADE OF GAMES IN THE REVUE:
THE POIRET PAWN.



FROM THE "BOUTIQUE DE L'ANTIQUAIRE," AT THE THÉÂTRE
MICHEL: THE TRIPTYCH.



DESIGNED BY POIRET FOR HIS REVUE: THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

M. Paul Poiret, the famous dress-designer, is making a success in Paris with his revue, "Vogue," produced at the Théâtre Michel. The dresses alone would be enough to draw all Paris to the show, for they are, to quote the words of a well-known writer, imagined by a wonderful "juggler



DOMINOES COME TO LIFE: A TRIO FROM THE PARADE OF GAMES.

in colours," and are not only decorative, but witty. The "Défilé of Games," the "Parade of Chansons," and the "Boutique de l'Antiquaire" are the three big spectacular scenes, and our page shows some of the clever and attractive frocks worn by the actresses who take part in them.

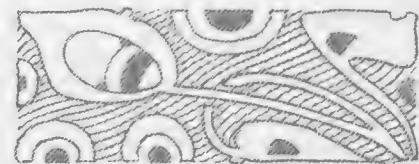
VICTORIAN ENGLAND, ENTRANCING SPAIN,



"THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL": MISS EVELYN LAYE,
LEADING LADY OF "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE."



TRINI MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE: SEVILLE
IN "THE MIRROR OF THE FAYRE."



THE ARRIVAL OF THE HOBOGLINS: "A LEGEND
OF OLD VENICE."



THE PAV. ON ITS OWN STAGE: YVONNE
"THE COCKTA"

"The Fun of the Fayre," at the London Pavilion, ranges over a wide field and offers the beauties of Spain, of the Court of King Charles II., of Victorian days, and of Venetian nights, as spectacular attractions. One of the most charming scenes is provided by "The Old-Fashioned Girl," an early Victorian number, while "The Mirror of the Fayre" gives Trini, the lovely Spanish girl, the opportunity of making her first appearance in striking fashion. "A Legend of Old Venice" is a magnificently dressed ballet episode, and Miss Irene Browne deserves special

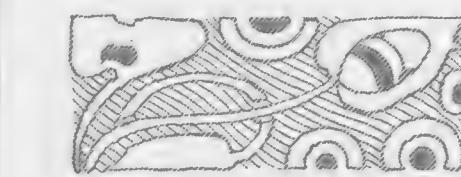
GORGEOUS VENICE: "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE."



CLOAKED IN LACE: BEAUTIFUL DRESSES IN "A LEGEND OF OLD VENICE."



WEARING AN EXQUISITE VENETIAN DRESS
MISS IRENE BROWNE.



PHILLIPS AND WALTER WILLIAMS SING
CURSE."



GRAND GUIGNOL TRAVESTIED: (L. TO R.) EVELYN LAYE, MORRIS HARVEY, HENRY CAINE,
ALFRED LESTER, AND (BACKGROUND) IRENE BROWNE.

praise for the style with which she wears her gorgeous frocks. Our pages also illustrate the amusing scene of the outside of the London Pavilion on its own stage, and the excellent travesty of Grand Guignol, in which Evelyn Laye appears as Lady Betty, Morris Harvey as Sir Ronald, the victim of the operation, Henry Caine as the Doctor, and Irene Browne as the Nurse. The three figures on the extreme right are Charles Stone, Geoffrey Gwyther, and Arthur Treacher, the three authors of the composite play.



Tales with a sting.

PETERR'S PROBLEMS: No. VI.—WOOL.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON. (*Author of "Low Ceilings," "Green Ladies," "War," "Westward with the Prince of Wales," &c.*)

THE County Holmes said in an angostura voice, "Finished your little attack of botany, Mr. Paul Peterr?"

"Was that botany?" said the almost too radiant young man lamely. "I must have been doing the wrong gestures. What I was trying to convey was small-farming. That yawning and swedey-eyed look of mine was an intelligent interest in sheep."

"I'd understand it if it were *calves*," said the County Holmes heavily. "What about sheep?"

"Mainly wool," said Paul Peterr brightly. "Did you notice any wool? On brambles?"

"We did," said the County Holmes in the voice of a patient dentist. "An' after seeing said wool we went home and consulted all the authorities from Jacob to Lombroso, but found that the habits of sheep are all against murder with violence." Human nature abruptly burst through his chief-inspectorship. "See here, Mr. Peterr, we ain't such fools. We've noted everything possible—"

"Including the hoof-prints?" sighed Paul Peterr.

"Including hoof-prints of Farmer Jupes's plough-horses, which were taken out of this field five hours before the girl was killed—just as the sheep, which you seem to think so vicious, were taken out five days ago. All this means we're wasting time, Mr. Paul Peterr."

"So we are," said Paul Peterr brightly. "We'll run along and release young Shanly now."

"Eh?" gasped the Chief Inspector. Then he moaned, "Oh, Lord, what one has to suffer!"

"Oh, that wasn't what you were driving at?" said Paul Peterr.

"It was not," said the Chief Inspector, in the tone of Mr. Lovat Fraser's best italics. "What I was driving at was that it ain't any good purring over bits of wool under the impression you've found the murderer. We've got him. It's young Shanly. The whole thing is built solid and riveted tight. . . . Enid Mervynn, typist, known to be of somewhat flash character, was found on the ground by that fence there—dead. She had been flung to the ground with great violence; her neck was broken by same said violence. That's murder. Who did it? Between twenty and fifteen minutes before she died two tradesmen in their vehicles saw the dead girl sitting on that fence engaged in quarrelling violently with the accused Shanly. Seven minutes before he saw the girl lying dead by the fence, the postman met Shanly hurrying away from the scene of the crime. He was in a most agitated state, Shanly. There was no sign of anybody else about when the postman came up to the body."

"Not behind any of these bushes or clumps of trees?"

"Nowhere. He had a hunt round, and he never left the spot, for he sent a passing fishmonger's delivery man for the police. Now the motive. Shanly had been very thick with the dead girl—who was a bit of a harpy. Quite a number of young fellers were thick with her, but Shanly was rich, an' his parents were strict. Evidence has been found of why they quarrelled. To put it fine, she was blackmailing him. She was demanding £2000 from him under threat of letting his parents know everything. And he was declaring he could not possibly get that sum. In fact, there were letters in her handbag showing how desperate he had become under the pressure."

"Rather an incredible young man, Shanly," said Paul Peterr absently.

"Hey? Oh, you mean to leave those letters behind in her bag? Well, murderers do that sort of thing."

"That, of course, and other things," said Paul Peterr. "I was thinking mainly of his hidden strength. He is an eight-stone man, and a weed at that, and yet he picked up a muscular ten-stone girl and dashed her down with such power that he broke her neck."

"Oh . . . oh!" murmured the Chief Inspector. "That was probably a blow. He struck her sudden."

"And such a blow," mused Paul Peterr. "An incredibly savage blow, and yet it left not even a bruise on the front of the face or body, where he must have hit her from the way she was sitting—and he was standing this side of the fence. And as if that wasn't enough, such a blow that it not only sent her soaring through the air for ten feet—you've measured off from the fence to the point where her neck and shoulders struck the ground, of course—but caused her body to slide along the ground for another fifteen feet, as the state of the turf and the torn blouse and hair of the girl show. Where, outside the pages of the boxing reporter and other fictionists, have you met a blow like that?"

The Chief Inspector stared at Paul Peterr. He was really hurt

that a lounge suit of just that gaudy cut should have the unnatural gift of putting stiff questions. "Hmm!" he said. "Somethin' in that. He might ha' carried her—"

"A feeble eight stone of him against a vigorous, struggling ten?"

"No," admitted the Chief Inspector. "No, that couldn't ha' bin it. She wouldn't have let him in the time, and he couldn't have thrown her down so hard. But what could it ha' bin. . . .?"

"I think we'll have to fall back on that wool?"

"The sheep!" snorted the Chief Inspector in disgust. "You mean a jumping sheep butted her . . .?"

"Not really," sighed Paul Peterr. "The wool rather than the sheep is part of a line of thought. The last time I saw an—accident, shall we say, like that"—his slow hand indicated the marks of the girl's fall on the ground—"it happened to a cow."

"Good God!" said the Chief Inspector, staring at him. The fellow was undoubtedly mad and suffering from live-stock hallucinations. "What happened to a cow?" he asked in a weak voice.

"That soaring through the air, that terrific crash to the ground, that being dragged violently along for a distance."

"How was it?" snapped the Chief Inspector abruptly, seeing method in the madness.

"It was lassoed by a cattleman going at full speed on a horse."

"A cattleman," jerked the Chief Inspector, "a cattleman—here on the outskirts of an English holiday town? Absurd!"

"Isn't it?" smiled Paul Peterr cherubically. "But then, after all, there's that wool in the brambles."

"Wool again?" snorted the policeman in filleted dismay.

"Yes, and the prints of horse-hoofs that do *not* belong to plough-horses, as you are firmly convinced, but to something lighter—a bronco or cayuse, or whatever it is a cattleman uses. . . . Oh, and going at a gallop too, from that bush over there, to that end of the wood over there—parallel with the fence, you see. . . . See, here's where the bronco was pulled up on its haunches; the man got down to take the lasso from his victim's neck. Here's where the horse began to gallop away—hard. If you go on beyond the edge of the wood you'll see where it jumped the fence, and went off in the direction of Loose."

"Loose!" snapped the Chief Inspector, stiffening. Then he said, "All very nice, but there's that bit about wool—why the wool?"

"He got off his horse behind that patch of brambles, waiting until Shanly had gone off, I should say. As he stood, or perhaps as he mounted, his legs caught in the brambles—and there you are."

"No, I ain't a bit. Human beings haven't woolly legs."

"Cattlemen have . . . woolly 'chaps'—didn't you read 'Deadwood Dick' and so on as a child? . . . But perhaps Chief Inspectors never were children."

"Lummy!" said the Chief Inspector. "I begin to see. This fellow had a grouch against the girl too, watched her quarrel with Shanly, saw his alibi in that, then the moment Shanly was round the bend, rode at a tearing gallop, lassoed her round the neck, jerked her off the fence—still going at a gallop, pulled up, slipped the rope off, and then rode out of sight before the postman came. . . . That's how it was done. . . . That's how it might ha' been done, only there ain't no cowboys with lassoes and woolly chaps in England. . . ."

"Except those who act for the cinemas," sighed Paul Peterr.

"Christmas!" yelled the Chief Inspector, "an' you did drop a hint about Loose, too. You don't look it, but you're a marvel, Mr. Peterr." He turned and ran with Paul Peterr towards their car.

In the studio of the Unimaginable Films Productions Corporation Limited, at Loose, they arrested Negus Shellshear, the "Bad Man" of five hundred wild, woolly, and Western reels. "Bad Man" Negus knew Enid Mervynn—knew her far too well. The girl was making the most of the fact that "Bad Man" Negus's wife was due to visit him in a week. Her terms were several hundred pounds, or evidence that would lead to his divorce.

Moreover, "Bad Man" Negus had gone for a country ride in the direction of the scene of the crime during the time in which the girl had been killed—a director certified that he had begged to be excused for this period, though they were in the middle of "shooting" a cowboy film. He had ridden off in full war paint—including lasso and woolly chaps. Also some of the dead girl's hair was found entangled in the knot of his lasso.

And the final proof was "Bad Man" Negus. . . . He did not wait for the law to hang him—he did it himself.

THE END.



THE WIFE OF A SPANISH DUKE AND ROYAL STUART: THE DUCHESS OF ALBA AND BERWICK.

The Duchess of Alba and Berwick is well known in English Society, as well as in Spanish Court circles. Her husband is the seventeenth Duke of Alba and the tenth Duke of Berwick. He bears the name of Stuart FitzJames, and is a descendant of the great Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, son of James II.

The Duchess is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Aliaga, and was, before her marriage, which took place in London in 1920, the Marquesa San Vicente del Barco. The wedding was a quiet one, owing to the death of the Empress Eugénie, but the list of guests sounded like a page from the "Almanach de Gotha."

COLOURED PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Musical Comedy Crooks: "The Golden Moth."



DIPPER TIGG SHAVES TO COUNTER POWDER-PUFF AND LIP-STICK.



DIPPER PROFITS BY THE RESULT OF HIS GOOD STORIES.



THE SWING-BY-THE-HAIR DANCE: MISQUETTE AND MAXLY



THREE PRINCIPALS: SYLVIA LESLIE, CICELY DEBENHAM, AND ROBERT MICHAELIS.

Farcical crook melodrama makes a good foundation for musical comedy, especially when the crook Marquis, Dipper Tigg, is played by the inimitable Berry, as is the case in "The Golden Moth," at the Adelphi. One of the best "Berry moments" is the supper with Zozo, Miss Sylvia Leslie (who, by the way, is the daughter of "Spy"). The lady

produces the inevitable powder-puff and lip-stick, and proceeds to do some "running repairs," so Dipper Tigg promptly counters this by having a shave. Another feature is provided by the Apache dancers, Misquette and Maxly. By a clever illusion Misquette is apparently swung round her partner by her hair.

Aline of the Adelphi: Miss Nancie Lovat and Her Hats.



1. MISS LOVAT IN A BROCADE MODEL WITH A DROOPING PLUME.
3. BECOMING AND ATTRACTIVE: THE CLOCHE SHAPE IN ITS NEWEST GUISE.

Miss Nancie Lovat, the twenty-one-year-old leading lady of "The Golden Moth," the new production at the Adelphi, is not only a clever musical-comedy artist, but a lady of great discernment where dress

2. THE CURLED QUILL IN ITS LATEST FORM. A SATIN MODEL.
4. THE CHARM OF THE PLAITED BRIM. AN ENCHANTING VELVET SHAPE.

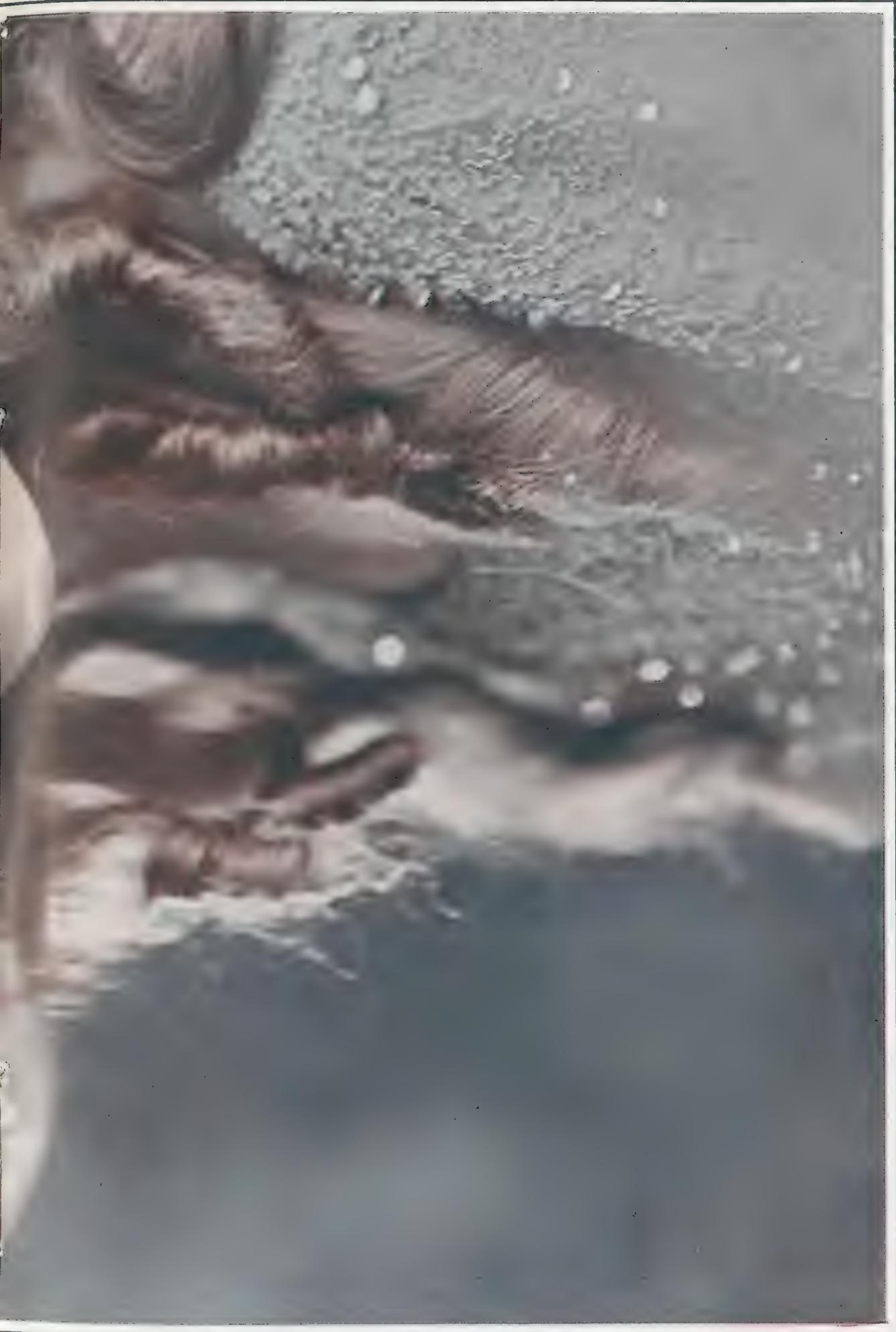
is concerned, so it is not surprising that where hats are in question she pins her faith to Condor models. Miss Lovat, by the way, is engaged to Captain C. W. Langlands, late Royal Air Force.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH." HATS BY CONDOR.

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THE SUPER - FILM STAR OF THE EMPIRE PRODUCTION: LILLIAN GISH, THE HEROINE OF "WAY DOWN EAST."

Lillian Gish, who is one of the finest emotional actresses of the film world, is Anna Moore in "Way Down East," the Griffith super-film now running at the Empire. The picture is described as "A Simple Tale for Plain People," and recounts the story of Anna Moore, the slip of a girl who is introduced into New York smart society, tricked into a mock marriage with a villain, and left to her shame. The film has a happy ending, however, as David, the good man, offers Anna his love, and when, driven out of "respectable" society, she wanders out in a snowstorm to the frozen river, he follows and rescues her from the crash of an ice break-up. The setting of the film is magnificent, and after the Empire run it will be shown at theatres for regular theatre prices all over the country, in accordance with the new "super-film" policy.

A Marquess' Daughter at Her Own Hunting Box.



WITH HER FAVOURITE TERRIER: LADY IRENE CURZON AT HER HUNTING BOX
AT MELTON MOWBRAY.



MARQUESS CURZON'S ELDEST DAUGHTER AND TWO OF HER HUNTERS:
LADY IRENE CURZON AT RINGWOOD.

Lady Irene Curzon, the eldest daughter of Marquess Curzon, is a keen sportswoman, and has a string of hunters at Ringwood, the hunting-box at Melton Mowbray which she has taken for this season. Our photographer snapped her in the yard there with two of her hunters and her favourite pet terrier. Lady Irene

Curzon is an exceptionally fine horsewoman, and fond of all forms of outdoor sport, especially hunting. Like her sisters, Lady Cynthia Mosley and Lady Alexandra Curzon, she is very beautiful, and, being of a statuesque type, looks very well in her habit. She is extremely popular in Society, and a keen dancer.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ALFIERI.

The Débutante Niece of a Premier Earl.



DAUGHTER OF THE HON. MRS. ROBERT LINDSAY: MISS JOYCE EMILY LINDSAY

Miss Joyce Emily Lindsay is the elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay, of 7, Charles Street, Mayfair, and Hopton Hall, Great Yarmouth. Her father, the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay, Scots Greys, was the third son of the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford, and Miss Lindsay is the niece of the present holder of the title, the twenty-seventh Earl, and Premier Earl on the Union Roll of Scotland. Miss Lindsay came out last year.

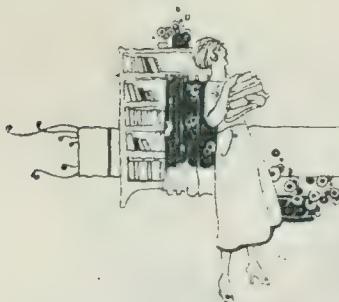


This Week's Studdy.



"WHY THE DICKENS DID YOU CUT ME OFF?"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



ALTHOUGH Everyman runs after "The Romantic Lady" at some time or other, not many have Noel Anson's extraordinary luck. He paid in the end (that is inevitable), but he had a thrilling run for his—money?—oh no, not *money*. His only expenditure that night was in cheek, finesse, and emotion.

The story that gives its name to Mr. Michael Arlen's new book is out and away the best of the bunch, which is saying a lot, for readers of *The Sketch* don't need to be told what a master Mr. Arlen is. Nobody, perhaps, has come so near acclimatising the style of the French short story to English literary soil.

Confound it! That last remark looks like high-brow criticism. I apologise, and dash on with plain and unvarnished praise of the Romantic Lady and her companions, all ladies of romance, but none quite so piquant as "Madame" Casamona, whose Christian name we never know. She was "of the best Sicilian blood, but a rebel, an *aristo* in revolt." Anson and she met "without the formal courtesies of an introduction," about which she was not particular. She had played the same game before, with her lawful husband *pro tem*.

This time, however, Madame didn't take the initiative, except by her silent allurement, as she sat alone in her box at the Imperial. Anson sent up a note asking the honour of the fair unknown's presence at supper. "I sweated blood over those few lines" he says. "How did one know that one might not miss the best thing of a lifetime by a *gauche* word?"

Evidently he had given *gaucherie* a perfect miss, for, at the end of the play, he found himself in Madame's electric brougham, going where he knew not where. But he wasn't taking her out to supper at all. She, ingenious lady, was taking him home to that agreeable meal, served in a splendid house by invisible servants. "You are so delightful a partner," Madame confessed. "You 'play up.' It is most unusual in men."

The "play up" in fencing conversation during the meal shows the reader three portraits—those of Madame, Anson, and Madame's husband: the first two speaking, the last looking down silent from a canvas on the wall. The husband's existence, however, counted for nothing when Noel finally "picked her up and carried her to the door and out into the strange hall and up the strange wide staircase of this unknown house, up. . . ."

When, somewhere in the small hours, Noel left, under promise to make no attempt to locate the house, Madame's electric brougham was still waiting to drive him home. The chauffeur was very cold and tired. He was more than that, but the sequel must not be given away here. It is an amazing situation with amazing consequences. The other stories—all strange passages in the life of sensitive men and women of the *beau monde*—I could describe with equal good-will, but you've heard enough already to send you flying to the library or, better still, the bookseller, for Mr. Arlen's little palace of pleasure and paradise of dainty devices.

The "Widdershins," or anti-clockwise movement, long ago gave Mr. Oliver Onions his cue for weird and wonderful fiction, but his latest treatment of the subject leaves all former efforts in the shade. He has put over the reverse lever of a man's life and sent him plunging backwards from middle age to youth, with the most uncanny results. Uncanny! Yes, but the story of Derwent Rose, novelist, is never horrible, as it might have been in the hands of a writer not gifted with Mr. Onions' clean and wholesome humanity.



AUTHOR OF "THE DEATH OF SUMMER": LADY JUNE BUTLER, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARRICK.

Lady June Butler is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick and a recent débütante. She has just published a book of verse entitled "The Death of Summer." It is a collection of poems, many of which were written when she was in her early teens. [Photograph by Bassano.]

Rose's brain had been hurt in some way not clearly explained, and it really doesn't matter how. You accept the supposition and follow the consequences in a continual onrush of wonder and curiosity, as the hero falls into periodic sleeps and awakens from each a younger, and still a younger man, behaving at every stage as his years demand. For the purposes of the story he remains sane, but that is another marvel, for he is tortured by his double reach of memory, forwards and backwards, and the hopeless effort to fit the two together. Rose, a magnificent Adonis, had been an adventurer in love, without knowing love at its best. At one point of his slipping back, the middle-aged Julia Oliphant made a desperate attempt to capture him, and possibly succeeded physically, but her act only sent him a stage further off in mind and years. He passed mentally beyond her futile clutch, became nineteen, and loved with a boy's love—a girl of seventeen. But he couldn't stop even there. "The Tower of Oblivion" might easily have been absurd, but Mr. Onions doesn't commit absurdities, and I see his book providing exciting discussions at a thousand dinner-tables and round mess and common-room and studio firesides for many winter evenings to come.

Woman and the Law, together with the laws of nature and of divorce, have sent Mr. Hamilton Fyfe off on an original tack in "The Fruit of the Tree."

His heroine, Muriel Oversedge, one of a too-large family, took warning by her over-burdened mother and resolved to

marry for friendship only. Having to earn her own living, she chose the Law, and her life as a woman student at the Temple provides a welcome novelty in fiction. But that is only an incident in a book that is chiefly concerned with a matrimonial problem.

Edward Tanstead, barrister, whom the brilliant Muriel married platonically, couldn't live up to his wife's ideal, and comforted himself secretly with the more commonplace Margaret Seymour, once his typist, who bore him two children. Discovery came when Edward's godfather, the Bishop, returned from Patagonia and put searching questions. This unusual prelate insisted that Margaret was Edward's true wife and should have her position regularised. He was quite willing, and even anxious, that Muriel should divorce Edward. But, to the



A CLEVER ARTIST: MISS MARGERY LAWRENCE, WHO HAS ILLUSTRATED "THE HILLS OF RUEL."

Miss Margery Lawrence is a clever young artist. Her illustrations to "The Hills of Ruel," by Fiona Macleod, which has just been published by Messrs. William Heinemann, have attracted considerable attention.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

Bishop's dismay, neither Margaret nor Muriel would agree to such an arrangement. So it was a case of "as you were," and all parties apparently satisfied, except the Church.

It's a novel of "other times, other manners (or morals)" that states a difficult case very amusingly, but without levity. The original Muriel thought she was perhaps "starting a new fashion." How it would work after Mrs. Tanstead knew about Margaret the author ought really to show us in a sequel.

The Romantic Lady. By Michael Arlen. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Tower of Oblivion. By Oliver Onions. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

The Fruit of the Tree. By Hamilton Fyfe. (Parsons; 7s. 6d.)

Before the Frost: The Atherstone's Opening Meet.



THE MASTER AND HIS WIFE: MAJOR AND MRS. HAWKINS.



A KEEN LADY FOLLOWER: MRS. HARRY BROWN.



WITH THE HUNTSMAN, WARDLE: MRS. HAWKINS, WIFE OF THE M.F.H.



AN ENTHUSIAST: MISS DOROTHY HANMER.



WITH HER SMALL SON: MRS. VENN.



THE YOUNGEST FOLLOWERS: MASTER L. AND MISS F. PHILLIPS WITH THEIR MOTHER.



THE LATE MASTER OF THE AHERSTONE: MRS. INGE.

The first meet of the Atherstone was held last week at the Kennels, Witherley, before the hard weather began. The meet was well attended and the sport good. The day finished with a run of forty-five minutes, the fox then going to ground in a drain. Our page of

photographs shows the Master, Major Hawkins and his wife, and a number of well-known followers of the pack, including the youngest sportsman and sportswoman who go out with the Atherstone, and Mrs. Inge, late Master of the pack.

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FEATURED IN THE NEW D'ANNUNZIO FILM: PRINCESSE GEORGES MACCIABELLI.

Princesse Georges Macciabelli is taking the rôle of Isabella, the chief personage in D'Annunzio's "Forse Che Si, Forse Che No" on the film. She will be remembered as Maria Carmi, the beautiful

actress who took the rôle of the Madonna in the "Miracle" when it was produced in London in the pre-war period. The beautiful photograph reproduced on our page is her latest picture.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DORIEN LEIGH, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

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IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—but we've got past that now, haven't we? And in the sere and yellow months between Guy Fawkes and Boxing Day, when he is just about getting over the cold that he caught in the last week of his summer holidays and beginning to wonder how he will be able to pay for all the Christmas presents which he will have to buy in a week or two, why then, you know, his thoughts are generally turning to the winter Shows.

Not the theatres, because those all began months ago in their stealthy fashion, when everyone was out of town and couldn't come to see them. No. Nor the picture shows, either. At least, not what *you* mean by pictures. Those flickering ones with horses and misadventure, and the long gasp of the one-and-twopenny seats as they throw Her out of the twenty-eighth floor window into the Pitiless Lights of Broadway—little suspecting that she will catch on an overhead telephone-wire outside the sixteenth and be sucked back into safety by the hero's vacuum cleaner attached, with a few deft touches, to a billiard-rest.

No. Not exactly that sort of picture show. Of course, everybody knows that you would much rather be there than rubbing your nose against the glass at the Leicester Galleries. So would they. Infinitely. Because at the movies you are at least allowed to sit the thing out. But at a Private View one is perpetually being moved on in the pathetic, touching attitude of Jo in "Bleak House." Either because the people behind want to see the pictures (stupid idea—no one ever did at a Private View), or because Mr. Justice Darling wants to say something finally funny in the middle of the room—and all the traffic has to be disarranged to get him a quorum.

But still you can amuse yourself at Mr. Albert Rutherford's affair off Green Street. That is, of course, if you are in the vogue and believe that all roads lead to the King's Road and prefer your operas to be Beggars' Operas. Because there is a terrific air of the æsthetic Latest Thing about all Mr. Rutherford's "little" dancing figures in little formal landscapes—an air, somehow, of up-to-date theatrical production. Which is quite as it should be. Because he has a sort of family interest in the Lyric, Hammersmith, hasn't he?

Yet it is very charming in a bright, contemporary way. Not quite what we should expect from Brother Will. But pretty enough—especially the little pieces that are mounted in charming little bits of furniture. And there are some first-rate landscapes, even if they *do* set one wickedly wondering whether they would have been quite like that if Muirhead had never Boned.

But enjoy it whilst you may—a graceful, accomplished, 1921 little exhibition.

And further on beyond it (and a roomful of Jean François Millet, which seems just a shade unfair to these clever little contemporaries of ours) you will find the adventures of Mr. Frank Dobson in plastic and pictorial art. As a sculptor he is rather a pity. Because he is very good. And in case we should notice it and call him Academic or dis-Chelsea or something really dreadful, he interpolates an occasional horror of cones and surfaces with a comic title. And then we are all happy again at "The World's End." But in the intervals—he had one whilst he was working on Mr. Asquith's bust, and another for an old red sandstone Baby—he is uncommonly clever.

So in his drawings. The blatancy which provoked him to "Woman Descending from a Bus" (which might just as well have been called "Man Descending from an Ape," or "The Sublime Descending from the Ridiculous") appears occasionally on the walls. But some of the sketches—Mr. Asquith again—are first-rate. The rest is—Chelsea. But you will, whether you like it or not, be reconciled to the worst that Oakley Street can do if you progress south-west by south to the solemn portals of the Royal Society of British Artists. You will find it in Suffolk Street, and it is a fore-taste of the Academy.

Do you seek Orpen's "Chef"? An enterprising gentleman has done all the chefs of the Hotel Chester in a huge kitchen, wearing identical caps and posing to twenty-eight Sir William Orpens.



WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER, THE HON. ANNE RACHEL PEARL DOUGLAS-SCOTT-MONTAGU: LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

Lady Montagu's infant daughter was christened recently at the Old Abbey Church, Beaulieu. Our snapshot shows the little lady, who received the names of Anne Rachel Pearl, with her mother, after the ceremony.

Photograph by Illustrations.



THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU'S LITTLE DAUGHTER: A GROUP INCLUDING THE PARENTS AND GODPARENTS.

Sir Charles Troubridge and Captain Cecil Slade were the godfathers at the christening of the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu. Our group, which shows Lord Montagu on the extreme left, and Lady Montagu next him, was taken at the Old Abbey Church, Beaulieu, where the ceremony took place. It will be remembered that Lady Montagu was Miss Pearl Crake before her marriage, which took place last year.

Photograph by Illustrations.

Or is it Jaggers? You cannot elude them; they shout from every wall. There are ships in harbour and sunsets and old ladies at their needlework. At one moment—or was it a mirage?—one seemed to see Highland Cattle. And you will leave this patient, careful, toneless show converted to the most violent distortions of Mr. Dobson and the prettiest affectations of Mr. Rutherford. The Royal Society's heart is in the Right Place; perhaps that was why we didn't much like its pictures.



Miss IVY TRESMAND,
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GOOD" is the short for Notfoundoutasyet.

If half the world really and truly didn't know what the other half was doing (as your glib philosopher declares it doesn't) there'd be much more happiness for all. Trouble is that both halves know a heap too much.

It was at one of those dinners which absolutely have to be attended nowadays, where the hostess, an amiable bundle of recently acquired wealth, was doing her utmost to hide the fact that she was not quite up to the intricate manipulation of a melon-fork. As is usual, during the melon phase, conversation waxed more or less brightly, though intermittently. The amiable hostess, following the principle, "When in doubt, keep still," kept still with her large, fat red hands bugged across the front elevation of her expansive waist. Suddenly there came a general lull in the chatter, and a bright youth turned to his hostess and muttered sagaciously: "Awful pause, eh?" The hostess, unthatching herself, as it were, and thrusting her enormous knuckles out of sight, blurted out: "Yes, and so would yours be if you'd had to work as I did before the war!"

The man who falls in love with a view to getting married is a blunderer. The man who marries with a view to falling in love is a fool.

An incompetent flirt makes a capable wife.

Waiting impatiently for his delayed breakfast, a gentleman of the Hounds-ditch persuasion called upstairs vainly to his wife to hurry down, as he had to get to "pizness" early. No answer received, he rushed to the bath-room and banged loudly at the door. Still no response. He burst open the door only to discover that his poor wife had fallen into a faint. Without further ado, he went to the landing and called kitchenwards: "Rachel, only boil vun egg 'smornin'."

The mark of the philanderer is that he can make a woman believe everything except that he loves her. "*In hoc signo spes mea*," says the honest bachelor.

"This being wealthy and all that," said Mr. Higham Armageddon Rich, "costs a lot of money; especially in matters where you wouldn't think it did. For instance, here am I trying to look the part of my position. I go and pay some special expert a fabulous sum to hunt up or create a decent line of my ancestors, and now I have to pay him as much again in hush-money! I wish I were poor again."

A wife's suspicion makes a husband much more uncomfortable than the discovery of his guilt.

The Welsh are an ingenuous race on the whole. Even when they become Members of Parliament, they retain a nice, unsophisticated sense of the local. The other day, in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, a new Welsh Member was showing an admiring constituent round when he suddenly espied a well-known newspaper correspondent who is famed as a world traveller, and is an acknowledged authority on the Near East. The Welsh Member, who had recently returned from a Mediterranean tour, and wished to impress his visitor, went across to the famous traveller, whom he knew only by sight, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said in a loud voice: "An' very glad I am to meet you. I've just come back from the Near East. An', you know, they werr asskin' after you in Morocco."

A cold toasted teacake is like a beautiful woman with a Cockney accent.

An author, looking for country types, managed to get into conversation with three garulous women in the bar parlour of an old-world village inn. The talk waxed and waned about uninteresting topics until the author swerved on to domestic affairs, and so to husbands. All three women became simultaneously concerned. Very proudly one declared, "Mine's a varn labourer mine is," while the second snorted and huffed contemptuously, as she announced that her husband was "summut better." Her husband was a ploughman. Yes; the author was inclined to agree that



THE AMERICAN IDEA OF JOAN OF ARC: GILDED ACTRESS, "AIDE," AND HORSE. Joan of Arc—or at least the American idea of her—welcomed Marshal Foch when he arrived in New York. She was impersonated by an actress, but somehow seems to have strayed into the wrong century, as our very Roman-looking photograph shows! She wore golden armour, and her horse was gilded. No report of what Marshal Foch said when he saw this remarkable pageant has as yet reached us.—[Photograph by International.]

there was a touch of the poetic about the ploughman. The third woman gazed absently into the fire and said never a word. The author turned to her and said: "And you, mother; what's yours?" Without raising her eyes, she murmured: "Oh, mine's a drop of gin, and thank ye very much, Sir."

Marriage is having the things that are needful by doing without the things that you want.

A little girl was taken to her first cinema. She was hilariously joyful through the comic pictures, sensibly interested in the "views," but when the big, star picture came, she settled down into a deeply pensive mood. The picture was "East Lynne." She followed the reels, slightly sobbing, until that part of the story where a child lay dying in a room where also stood two elderly people crying copiously and wringing hands. It was a pathetic scene. Nurse feared that her small charge would break down. But no. Instead of weeping, the kiddie, to the amazement of the audience, cried out: "Why don't those old people go out and let the baby go to sleep!" SPEX.



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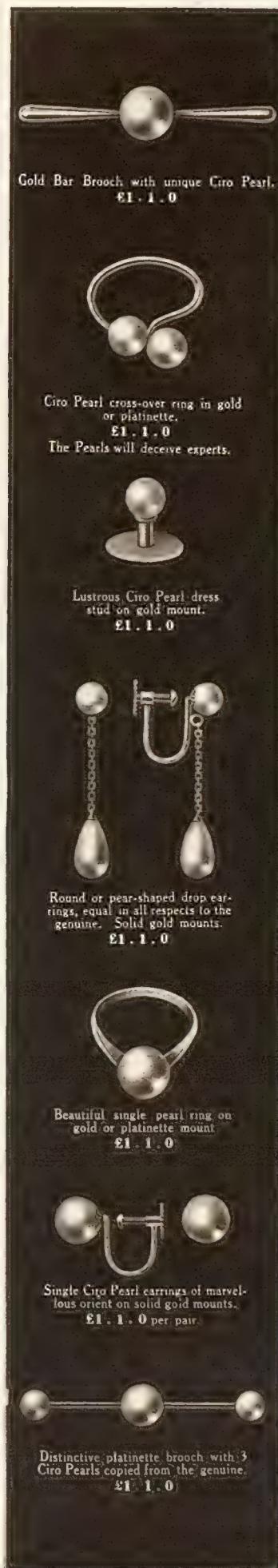
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THE lively flutter of the "Chauve-Souris" across the night sky of London was an instructive little business. It demonstrated in its first onset that we still conserve, in the theatrical *Industriegebiet*, an appetite for the amusing Moscow-cum-Chelsea incoherencies of the Neo-Russian manner. That taste for blazes of colour and jiggling oddities which was first evoked by M. Diaghileff in his lighter moments has not yet been stifled under the avalanche of supply which this demand has called forth. Not quite.

But very, very nearly. One feels, as one scans the theatrical and terpsichorean scene, that the time has almost come when it is not enough to guarantee staggering success in London, that the *premier danseur* and his *danseuse* should be called M. Muttine and Mlle. Jeffska. The passport to our affections (we are a simple, rustic race in Shaftesbury Avenue) used to be so very easy to make out.

You had only, in the heyday of the boom, to turn all the scenery the other way round and the wrong way up and call it on the programme "The Seraglio: Tiflis." Then the band began to play the Sumurun music, the lights all went out, and the curtain would go slowly up on seventy-four large cushions from Liberty's, partly visible underneath eight young ladies who seemed to have been spilt there after an aeroplane accident. A sudden sinister chord in the orchestra. Enter The Lover, painted brown all over and proceeding backwards at a height of five feet from the ground towards the Leading Bayadère, who fans herself slowly with part of a peacock attached to an elephant's head. They dance. Someone comes in with a large dark-blue beard and makes passes at them with a cardboard sword. For no very obvious reason (except that it is about time for "Interval"), they fall deciduously dead, and everyone gets up saying what a revelation Russian art is.

But the sands are beginning (aren't they?) to run out, and the Managements must woo us with another tune. They have been making for about two years past a stamping, clicking, whining noise which they describe as Spanish. And we have all (because they seemed to want us to do something about it) put on Chinese shawls and French combs in obedience to their unspoken wish. But theatrically the Peninsular campaign is falling a bit flat, isn't it?

The essence of Spain is grimness, turning sometimes to humour. And that we only got for a very short time whilst the Cuadro Flamenco was on its admirable job. But the rest of our Hispaniisms are beneath contempt as reproductions of the Real Thing. It is not, it is certainly not enough, or anything like it, to import a charming young lady from Latin America and kid us that she is a Castilian by dressing her up in a black shawl and a large comb from

the hair-dresser's. This costume will never, by itself, get Spain across the footlights, although some managers may try to make it do so. It requires the addition of music or dancing to pull it off.

So it would seem to the mild observer that the two great vogues which peopled our evening boards with Fire Birds and Sultanas and Gitanas and Chiquitas are petering gently out. And soon there will be an aching void which must be filled somehow. Because we must, we will have some foreign importation or other to ecstasise over. And it only remains to see which



"PATIENCE," AT THE PRINCE'S :
MISS HELEN GILLILAND.

"Patience" is always one of the most popular of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, so its revival, which began on Monday, the 14th, is certain to be a big success. Miss Helen Gilliland is taking the name-part.

Photograph by H. C. Hughes.

country of the world it will come from.

The rumour that a Well-Known West-End Manager has been seen in Switzerland inspecting milkmaids and buying up property cows is denied. So is the report that Fritz Graebli, the champion Yodeler of Lucerne and the Canton of Thun has signed a six years' contract with a London revue producer.



A CO-OPTIMIST IN HER DRESSING-ROOM :
MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

Miss Phyllis Monkman, the fascinating dancer, is one of the successful Co-Optimists who are having such a successful season at the Palace. Our photograph shows her in her dressing-room, busy with the business of making up before she steps before the footlights.

Photograph by James Press Agency.

But it will come. Mark my words. From somewhere. Either it will be Danes or Dutchmen or Dagoes of some sort—and always of course, the female of the species. But wherever they may hail from you will see shortly an incursion of smiling and delightful aliens to the strains of their national music ("So characteristic, my dear"), whilst a modest management announces them in the Barnum spirit as the loveliest or the longest or the largest girls in the world. So look out!

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MOTOR DICTA



AUTO INNARDS: HUMANISED TECHNICALITIES. BY GERALD BISS.

AND what about it? Are we down-hearted? No! Another Show past and gone, and still sitting up and taking nourishment—or at least surviving and looking for something solid wherewith to purchase something liquid. The new-born babes of automobilism have discovered *la nourrice* good and proper, and the big old 'uns are snuffing a bellyful of optimism, like the Wild Ass in the Book of the Proverbs (wasn't it?). Anyhow, as the Scotsman said upon an inauspicious occasion, it mecht hae been waur; and things panned out better than were expected. Some folk do seem to have concealed some assets somewhere from the Income-Tax Gent and the Chronic Home at the Bradbury-Fisher factory yclept the Treasury.

"Autocar" Lucidity. helps the ordinary layman to get a clearer idea of the mechanical side of the show each and every year than the "Buyers' Guide" issue of the *Autocar*, which I, for one, always keep handy from the beginning of one automobile year until the next. It puts things so succinctly and clearly that even a babe in these matters can hardly fail to digest all the peptonised points of the passing, or, rather, past, Show. Of course, we all know that the great trend this year is towards small cars and economy generally, because nobody has got any money at all; and the wisecracks of automobilism have made the shrewd discovery that it is better to have what little there is than none at all. For this same reason we are by now all aware of how the mighty prices have fallen on all sides of us. These are what one might call the patent blatant actualities apparent to the meanest monocle. But the statistical simplicity of the *Autocar* helps the ordinary layman to see the effect of this moneyless condition of humanity upon automobile design, and the economic and engineering trend of things—in fact, to peep omnisciently beneath the polished bonnet, without the physical fatigue of even lifting it, or the mental paralysis of comprehending automobile arcana for oneself. We all know enough vaguely to talk learnedly in front of those even less well equipped with stray facts than ourselves: that there were two twelve-cylinder cocks of the walk and one which, like the little pig, stayed at home; that at the other end there was quite an influx of little chaps with only a couple, because most folk can't afford any more nowadays; and that lots of the top dogs of the scorching brigade clapped on the front-wheel brakes they don't feel really safe without; that nobody was anybody at all, however small, without a self-starter instead of a handle to his name; that air-cooled little ones began to take the floor again and fan themselves coyly on various stands; that one greasy young newcomer preferred to do his cooling with oil; that most vendors were merching some sort of an all-weather body, and so on. . . .

Auto Anatomy. But to get down to brass tacks—and this is where the *Autocar* helps our helplessness—not only does it reveal the anatomy and innards of each car individually, great or small, in one single, intelligible line of print, but, through the object-lesson of one single demonstration chassis, it discloses the whole trend of design for 1922. Now, this is what we all want to know without

the pain or the fatigue of elaborating it for ourselves. For instance, this year, the four-cylinder engine easily tops the bill with 210 adherents, with the "six" second one short of 50; the "two" third with 27—quite a notable increase; then the "eight" with 13, and the "twelve" with 3. Then 161 of these have non-detachable cylinder-heads, against 132 detachables, while apparently 7 of them appear in some sort of doubt—possibly detachable cylinder-heads which you can't take off without the use of a crowbar. Next, in the valve department, side-by-sides are still far and away ahead with 196; but overheads are coming along very strong amongst the k'nuts with 70. Sleeve valves are third with 21—doing nicely, thank you—while of the rest, there are 6 inlet over the exhaust; 1 rotary; 1 both-sider; and five miscellaneous merchants who eschew conventional practices. As for ignition, old man magneto, with his new-found sense of protection, provides the vital spark for 249, against 31 battery boosters, while a score of super-swankers luxuriate in both. As for starters, there are 247 electrics and 3 mechanical, while only 50 anachronists adhere to the ungraceful and practically defunct barrel-organ principle of initiation.

Other Oddments In the cooling department, despite 13 airy-fairy adventurers and the afore-mentioned

oil-cooled young greaser, Pussyfoot is a winner all along the line with 286 water-coolers. In the clutch brigade, multi-plates only just beat discs for first place, by 78 to 72, with leather cones keeping their fabric brethren out of a shop by 58 to 43; followed by 33 miscellaneous, and 16 cone-as-cone can. Next in order, working

backwards, we come to that inestimable, if necessary, nuisance, the gear-box; and four-speeds pip the three-speeders by 149 to 166, with 8 who only boast a mere couple, which hardly seem worth while; and 7 which pride themselves upon being variable—probably female gear-boxes.

In the final drives, that good horse spiral bevel lolllops home in a canter with 182 against 61 straights, 36 worms, 11 chains, 9 of the inevitable miscellaneous, and one belt. Then, as regards that blessed word suspension, semi-elliptics have it both ways, back and front, with 134 and 234 respectively. Cantilevers, with 77, are second in the rear, but only third in front, with 14. Quarter-elliptics are second in front, with 37, but only third behind, despite 47. Three-quarter-elliptics are fourth at the back with 28, but in front they can boast only a singleton. Full elliptics claim a brace in front and 3 behind. Transverse have 9 and 6 respectively; coil 1 in front and 2 behind, and that hardly old chestnut, miscellaneous 2 and 3. Wheels are most exciting, and jolly nearly give us a dead-heat, with 86 discs against 85 wires; with steels third with 73, wood fourth with 50, and our old friend miscellaneous whipping in the field as usual with a paltry half-a-dozen. So now you know all about it, don't you? Well then, you

have got to thank the *Autocar* for doing the donkey-work, and me for translating into humanised English. Meanwhile, thank heaven the show is over, and I can get a breath of fresh air and a drop of overdue rain.



AT THE ALTCAR CLUB COURSING MEETING : LORD TWEEDMOUTH AND HAROLD WRIGHT, HIS TRAINER. Lord Tweedmouth's Tricky Lass and Guards Brigade won at the Altcar Coursing Club meeting. Our photograph shows the successful owner, with his trainer, Harold Wright.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE AT THE WHEEL: THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER IN HER TWO-SEATER.

Miss Megan Lloyd George is a keen motorist and recently drove her distinguished father from Chequers to town in her new two-seater, which is a present from her mother. Our photographer snapped Miss Megan driving down Whitehall with a friend. It is interesting to note that she attended the Guildhall Banquet.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



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The gown is green rep, and Redfern decorates it with black chain-stitch embroidery and black ciré braid.

of the "seasonable" fog and general murkiness was enough to send all smart women looking for nice frocks and wraps suitable to the season, or for those places in the sun that always seem so irresistible directly winter looks like setting in.

Choosing "Undies." So it wasn't surprising to see Lady Drogheda, all in black, choosing "undies," all black too, at Enos, in Mount Street, though honestly I'm still a little doubtful as to whether black under-things—they are generally of chiffon or georgette, you see—really are the most suitable kind of wear for British East Africa, where our flying Peeress proposes to spend the months that are always the most disagreeable of the whole year in England.

She Likes English Frocks. It was in the same salons that I saw Mme. Balsan, who, apparently, is not one of those women who hold that good dress things come only from Paris. She always was acknowledged the best dressed as well as the thinnest Duchess; and though she's given up her rank and title since her marriage with Colonel Jacques Balsan a few months back, she hasn't, apparently, changed her views about dress. What, however, chiefly struck me at the firm mentioned was the department for débutantes and those fast approaching that state. Of course, it's not the fault of the poor dears who form the last-named class that they look angular and awkward in most things; and their unhappy plight isn't ameliorated by the fact that so few of the dress people, comparatively speaking, cater for their special needs. But Enos is one exception, anyhow, and really there is no earthly reason why anyone should want to look elsewhere.

Beautiful Moleskin. If some furrier were asked to give an opinion on the most popular pelt of the season, he would probably answer "moleskin" without the slightest hesitation. It's a state of things quite easy to understand. Moleskin is light as well as warm, and that can't be said of all furs. Moreover, it's becoming, and by its nature lends itself to very delicate treatment and workmanship. Here's a wrap from Redfern's, Ltd., 26, Conduit Street, W., that, besides demonstrating the wonderful skill of the modern furrier, proves that even wraps can be deceptive. A glance at the trim fronts suggests a coat, but the back is just a circular cape that is carried over the shoulders, and, as a crowning touch of originality, there is the belt of scarlet glacé kid. The collar is faced with tailless ermine, and the mole-coloured satin

Suitable November Weather.

weather—that curious mixture of fog and rain, general drabness, and muddy streets that Londoners always remember all over the world. Don't blame me if, by the time these words are in print, November's indulging in another mild flirtation with spring. When meteorological experts go wrong, how can a poor fashion writer hope to keep right? Anyhow, the first appearance

hat has a front of fur to match the coat. The charm of the whole scheme lies not only in the general idea, but in the perfection of detail, though, considering the firm in question, one isn't surprised to find it is so.

For Those Who Remain.

It is not only those who go far afield for the winter who can congratulate themselves on beautiful clothes. Redfern has the interests of the stay-at-homes equally at heart. As proof of this there is the bright-green rep dress shown on this page. Black silk chain-stitch embroidery and black ciré braid have a sobering effect on part of its bright surface, and the black felt hat with the simple ribbon trimming is as good as anything the most exacting woman could ask from fashion. Though I've been writing about those who intend to spend

the next few months in England, it's scarcely necessary to point out that the traveller to any region has only to consult Redfern to get all her wishes most becomingly expressed in terms of lovely clothes.

A Special Week.

Mention of "seasonable weather" serves as a reminder that furs are down in price. "Almost half the price they were this time last year," confided an expert; and that makes the fact that Harrods, in Brompton Road, are having a special fur week just now all the more welcome. Dolores sketches a wrap from Harrods on this page. Of seal musquash with a skunk collar, it is of the new cloak shape, with slits for the arms, though, as the wrap is full and deep, the absence of the conventional sleeve is quite immaterial. So much depends on the working of the fur that it is sheer waste of money to spend one's "Fishers" at any but the best houses; but, honestly, the twenty-one guineas that some woman is certain to spend on a full-length coney coat will be money truly well invested; and, supposing it's possible to afford thirty-two instead of the above-mentioned twenty-one guineas, I suggest a



To a lovely moleskin wrap Redfern adds a red leather belt and collar of tailless ermine.

nutria coney model with a deep shoulder yoke and a high collar over which anyone can smile at the worst that winter can achieve in the way of cutting winds.

In Wonderland.

The heading does not really apply to Harrods' fur department, though what with a coney and skunk coat at forty-nine guineas, and a mole coney wrap with a huge collar for forty-seven, not to mention fur shoulder and neck wraps to suit all purses, the description happens to be rather specially apt. Kit fox last year couldn't be had, as it can now, for four, five, or nine guineas, nor yet blue wolf at eight-and-a-half, nor skunk at fifteen guineas. Go and assure yourselves that all these things are happening at the firm named, and then go



Harrods use seal musquash and skunk for an up-to-date winter wrap.

[Continued overleaf]



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It is generally conceded that in all women there is an instinctive perception of beauty and a longing for it. Failure lies in lacking appreciation of the intimate and essential relation true taste bears to fashion; in the blind assumption that beauty can be attained by imitation.

Costume is but a means of expressing personality, and the woman admired has learned to ignore the glaring vagaries of swiftly changing fashions and chooses those clothes that in the simplicity of good taste best become her.

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Ideal Figure Large Below Waist

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Ideal Figure Curved Back

Ideal Figure Short Waisted

along to Alice's Wonderland that lies through the toy department, and, if you have one child or several, take them with you.

Down the Rabbit-Hole. The child has yet to be born who won't want to dive down a rabbit-hole when the beast pulls out his watch and leads the way, especially when three clowns go ahead to show how easy it all is. And the Alice at Harrods is a real child who, from sheer good-nature, and with never a penny asked in return, lets hundreds of friends, every morning and afternoon, into the secrets of her journey made famous by Lewis Carroll. There's the pool of tears and the caucus race, the caterpillar, the Duchess, the Fish and Frog Footmen, the Queen of Hearts, the Mock Turtle, and all the other dear delightful figures one knows so well; and, believe me, they are just as fascinating in Brompton Road and real life, so to speak, as in the book with Tenniel illustrations of our nursery days.

Preparing for Christmas.

I've already referred to "Alice in Wonderland," one of the early reminders that Christmas is coming along. In any case, for those to whom Christmas means the sending of parcels abroad, it's already time to be up and choosing, and it's just here that P. Steinmann and Co., of 185 and 186, Piccadilly, can be so particularly helpful. Postal authorities are probably unsympathetic people, so it's only natural they should look on Christmas parcels merely as revenue-producers. Postage is high, but lovely handkerchiefs in sheer linen with a lace or a hand-drawn edge are always acceptable as presents, and can go by letter post for a few pence; and is there any woman whose heart won't thrill at the sight of lace—antique lace or good modern ditto, according to the purse of the sender? Steinmanns, of course, are specialists in lace, and what they don't know about the antique variety is, literally, not worth knowing. They turn their knowledge to the best account, too. If you do happen to have a cherished bit that requires cleaning, or renovating, or any attention, send it along for treatment; and if it's buying you are thinking about, a card will bring along a box of lace on approval, or, if you want it, patterns of dainty laces and embroideries, with fine materials for lingerie purposes.



The hat is champagne-coloured velour bound with ribbon, but Woodrow can give you any kind of quill you fancy.



This is of smart tête-de-nègre velvet trimmed with natural skunk, and comes from Woodrow.



Whether the front is of antique lace or lovely modern ditto depends on your purse. Steinmanns have it in both varieties.

A Good Notion. As to the little front of lace that adds so much to the appearance of the jumper, it is one of Steinmann's Christmas present suggestions, and the starting price is 9s. 6d. If it's Venetian or Brussels point you require, of course the figure will be higher—the lace that you can't get in these salons has yet to be named.

Pearl Story. There's a story of a noble lady who was burgled of her pearls. Everyone was full of grief—they were heirlooms, and therefore irreplaceable. The owner alone maintained silence until it came to interviewing the insurance companies. The pearls, you see, were Tecla ones from 7, Old Bond Street, W., and no one had suspected them of being anything but the genuine article! As many exclamation marks as you like, Mr. Printer; but the story is not, as you may think, a fabrication.

The Secret. People who know Tecla pearls won't be inclined to lift their eyebrows. The Tecla pearl

is made by a special process in the Tecla laboratories and nowhere else, and, though it has been flattened by many people attempting to imitate it, no success in this direction has been achieved. As to the beauty and sheen of a Tecla, I suggest a personal visit of inspection to the address I've given above. But there are other facts of interest to be noted. For instance, a single string of Tecla pearls can be added to one's possessions for an outlay of £5. Thereafter, the price depends on the size selected; and there are always lots of clasps from which to choose the right finishing touch. Then again, a Tecla pearl lost can always be replaced, and that's something of which everyone can see the advantage. Finally, look at the double-row necklace sketched on this page; it represents the newest notion in pearl wear.



The lack of heirlooms does not trouble the owner of Tecla pearls.



Woodrow makes the brim of black miroir velvet, and tops it with a crown of pale-grey felt.

Thought for the Tourist.

India, this winter, divides honours with British East Africa and the Sunny South as a place in which to spend the winter. Now millinery for India has always been a rather difficult matter—or, to be precise, was until Woodrow, of 46, Piccadilly, W., took the subject in hand, turned terais into things of beauty, and topees into the kind of head-gear that held no terrors for a pretty wearer; and that, as anyone knows who has had any practical experience with topees, is a great feat. To return to the terais, the most becoming I've seen are Woodrow's double ones, with wide brims in the softest and finest

quality of felt, with a special sun-proof lining, the cost of the whole being 4½ guineas. It's not expensive, anyway; but, if any super-economist should happen to be reading this page, let me emphasise the fact that each section, so to speak, of the terai described can be worn single, so that's two hats in one, you see.

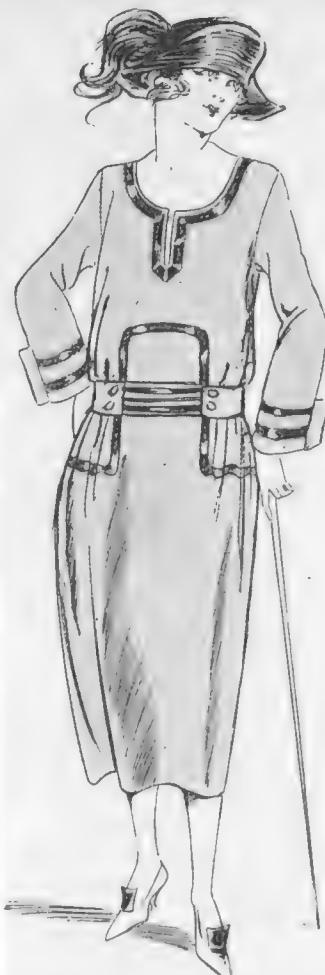
Becoming Felts.

But quite apart from the question of hats for the tropics, in which Woodrows are specialists, 46, Piccadilly is the home of the smartest hats that the woman who inclines to a tailor-made style of dress can desire. Her needs were at one time rather neglected; poor dear, but the four-guinea velour hat in champagne colour here shown, with the binding and crown-piece of self-coloured ribbon, and the quill (you can get this latter in a variety of designs), is both becoming and smart. Notice the bell crown, and make a note of the fact that, if you want the same shape in unspottable fur felt, you have only got to say so. Alternatively, and for sixty-five shillings, there is the hat with the black miroir velvet brim.



ADORNED WITH A TRAIL OF SHADED PINK ROSES: A BEAUTIFUL BLACK VELVET DRESS. This exquisite black velvet model achieves a singular beauty of line by the cunning simplicity of its drapery. The square panel at the back is suspended from the shoulders by chains of black velvet, and a long train of shaded pink roses falls from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. The model is designed and made by Maison Getz, 124, New Bond Street, the same firm who were responsible for the beautiful Spanish dress adorned with gold and silver lace which appeared in our issue of last week, and was accidentally attributed to Paris.

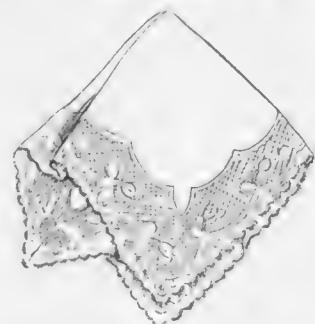
Photograph by Bertram Park; Dress and Hat by Maison Getz.



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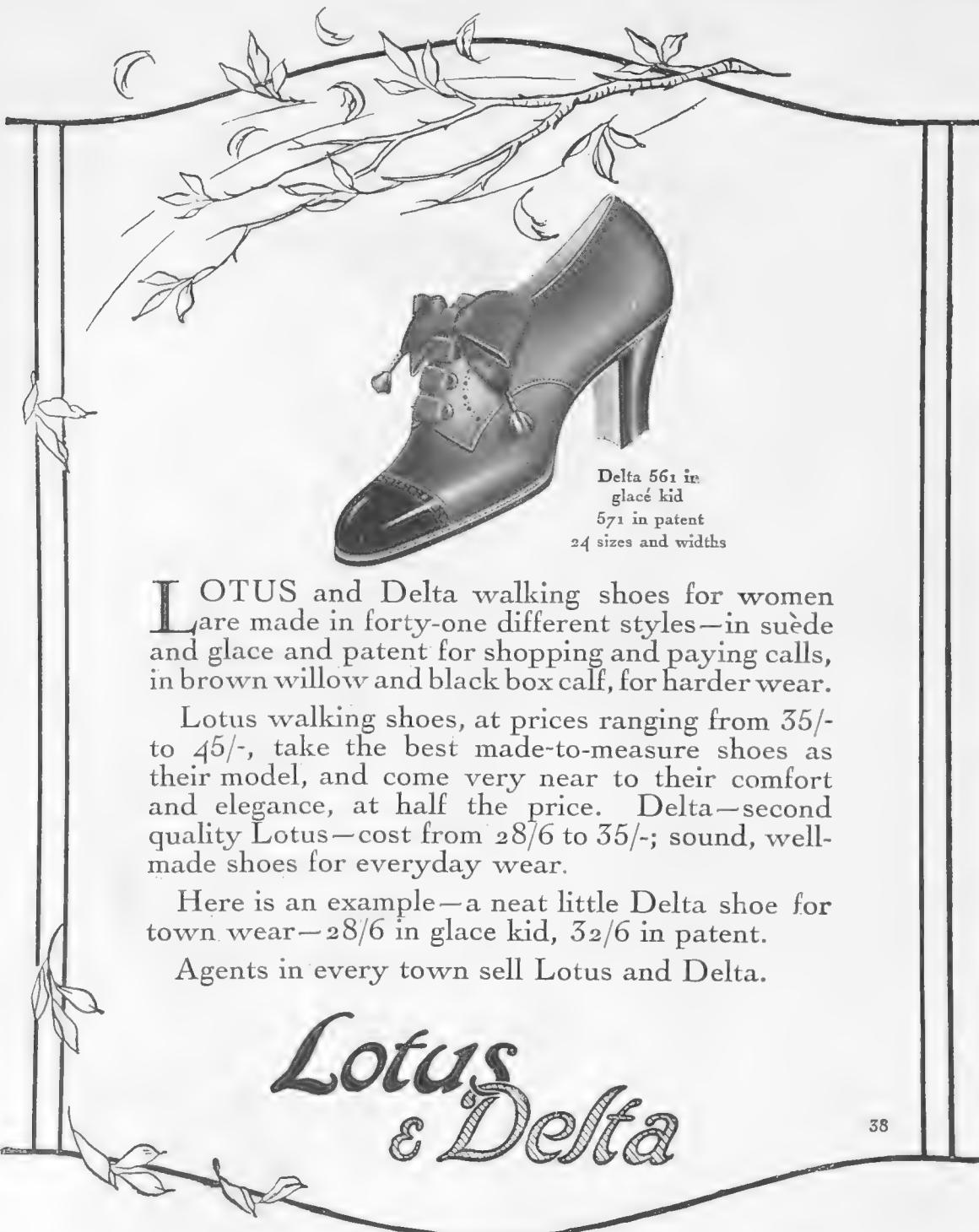
The 'Downing' Coat-Frock

New model in gabardine, with long-waisted effect and narrow tie belt. Collar may be worn high or open. Panel effect lined contrasting shades of Crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed black braid and embroidery to tone. In nigger and putty, nigger and self, navy and grey, navy and royal, navy and brick, navy and black, black and grey, mole and saxe or mole and self .. **6½ Gns**

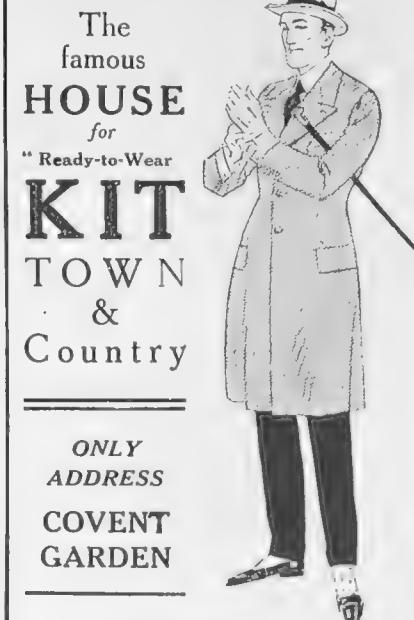
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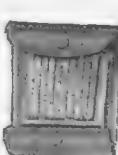
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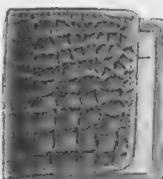


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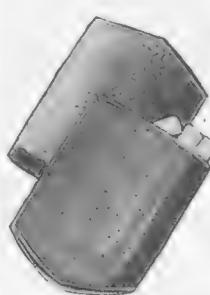
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Practical note case in real crocodile, silver-gilt corners.

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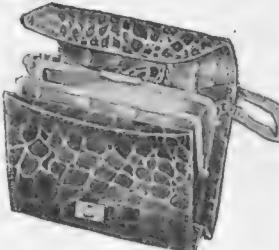
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THE value of these Shirts is quite exceptional. They are made in heavy quality pure silk, recommended for its excellent washing and wearing qualities. They are well tailored and cut, and the shape and finish is of our usual high standard of quality.

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Length 16 inches

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24 inches long, 5 Gns
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All genuine Ranee
Pearls bear the
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FOR all that even an expert can detect, Ranee Pearls, in wear, are REAL pearls. So perfect is their limpid loveliness, so true their natural shaping, so faithful their tone and radiance, that they defy detection even when placed alongside genuine pearls. Send for a selection on approval.

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We have made a special study of Winter Sports Outfits, and have now in stock an immense variety of every conceivable garment suitable for Tobogganning, Sleighing, Ski-ing, Ski-joring, Lugeing and Skating. Ladies are invited to inquire for the Manageress of the Department, who has personally made a careful study of the subject at various centres of Winter Sports, and will willingly give the benefit of her experience to any one wishing to consult her.

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SMART TEAFROCK (as sketch) in good quality Radium Lace in Empire design, with new sleeves and skirt formed of two panels over a foundation of silk georgette. In black, ruby, mauve, grey, nigger, navy, white and écru.

PRICE
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(as sketch)



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There's been such a run on Wolsey that demand has temporarily outstripped supply.

In the early part of the year trade uncertainties pointed to such caution in placing orders, and indeed in manufacturing, that the Wolsey Factories went on short time—a thing previously unknown in Wolsey's history. Time lost is time lost for ever, and although our factories are now working at high pressure, and where possible night and day, we cannot deliver fast enough. Of course, Wolsey's bold policy of bringing all costings down to bed-rock, and reckoning wool at lowest prices, in other words putting Wolsey on the market at about half last year's prices, whilst still maintaining the old standard of Quality and Reliability, accounts in some measure for the record rush of the public and the sudden awakening of the trade.

Still, the fourteen Wolsey Factories have no mean output; we are catching up, and such extraordinary value as Wolsey represents to-day is well worth waiting for.

If your retailer is 'out of your size' he can soon procure it, and if you would make sure of best underwear service value, satisfaction, **be advised to wait!**

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VEST. Special Price 15/9
Super Quality 25/6

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wide shape ... 18/9
Super Quality 29/6

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Of equal reliability are Wolsey Pure Wool Unshrinkable Hose and Half-Hose. Every pair bears the Wolsey trade mark, and, like Wolsey Underwear, carries the same guarantee of free replacement in case of shrinkage.

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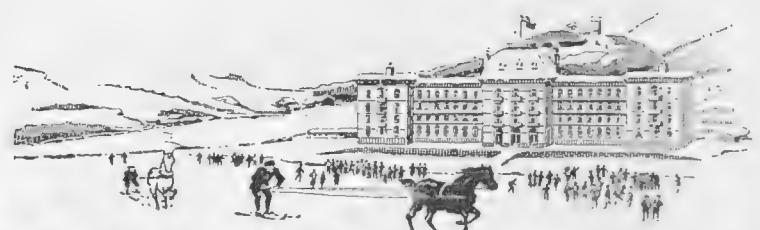
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add a few drops of "SANITAS" to the water to ensure its being perfectly antiseptic. A little forethought like this may mean a saving of both health and money, for the use of "SANITAS" will destroy all harmful germs and expedite healing. A neglected wound may mean a long doctor's bill.

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£100,000

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at 25% discount

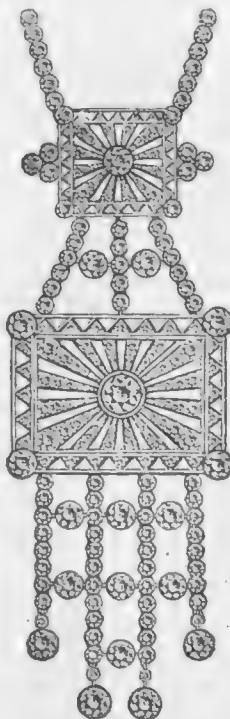
The Firm having decided to close down the business
at the end of the year the entire stock of Jewellery,
Gold and Silverware now in the Showrooms of

PERCY EDWARDS LTD.
71, PICCADILLY.

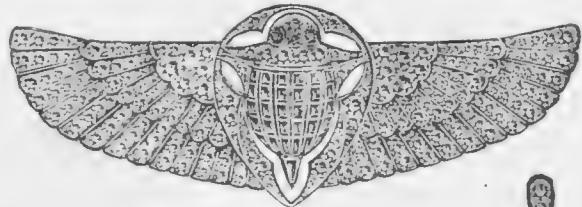
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During the 40 years of its existence, the firm has gained
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Movement £27 10 0
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Cigarette Cases, silver & gold
Cigarette Boxes, silver & Gold
Cigarette Cases Gem
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Cigar Lighters, silver & gold
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Scent Bottles
Trays
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Cups
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Pins
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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, GIFTS FOR ALL
OCCASIONS, JEWELLERY AND SILVERWARE
FOR PERSONAL USE AT 25% DISCOUNT*

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Every article in our establishment is ticketed with the original price clearly marked thereon. We hereby guarantee that these prices have not been altered but are exactly what they were before this Sale was contemplated, and that they are the current retail prices for Jewellery and Silverware of their quality. Our decision to retire at once from business is the only reason for offering the stock at 25% reduction upon the marked price

Percy Edwards, Ltd.
71 Piccadilly

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

They All Looked Cosy. What a resurrection of fur coats the sudden cold of last week brought about! Some emerged gay and triumphant, newly done up in the latest style, having the most recent of handsome brocade linings and all the hall-marks of the present season. Their wearers looked well satisfied with life. Others were manifestly new, of the softest of furs draped in long lines; several of Chinese mink with nutria, or seal musquash with grey astrakhan, or nutria with black astrakhan—combination in fine furs being very fashionable for coats and capes. The wearers of these looked as if they found life first-rate fun on this favoured planet. Again, there were wearers of last year's coats no more than shaken out, and denuded of the smell of anti-moth balls as far as possible (their wearers looked as though life were rather a serious affair); and then there were the pathetic fur coats with worn cuffs and backs, the wearers of which looked as if life were to be lived thoroughly conscientiously. The great point was they all looked cosy.

The End of a Long Life. Black stockings do not mean a plenitude of learning, as blue stockings were said to do; the moderns use the term "highbrows." They do mean what is of more importance to the majority of women—a look of slenderness and shapeliness to the lower limbs, not attainable by the numerous striped and checked and some striking coloured stockings now in favour, not even by those of modest mole grey. The black must be black without suspicion of dinginess to secure the slender effect. The wisdom of the wise, when ordering these necessary and possibly charming things, is to make sure of Hawley's Hygienic Black British Dye. These are black as Erebus, and remain so in spite of many washings, so it is well to make certain of them—the name Hawley's is on every pair—especially as this indelible dye makes them wear well and look their best to the end of a long life.



The coat itself is of black velvet. The sleeves are of the same material stamped in silver. The collar is of sable.

Photograph by H. M. Talma.

By No Means The love for beads has lasted on the Wane.

a long time, as is natural, since it seems a heritage from pre-historic ancestresses. The newest idea is to wear a beaded band across the forehead. The beads of which this is composed may shine and shimmer like jewels—indeed, it is greatly to their credit if they do so. They may, like the Irish fishwives' wares, be of all sorts and sizes; or they may be all pearls, all iridescent, or all of one colour. The thing they must not be is dull, for if so the idea of a bandage will jump into receptive minds, and that may not be. A beaded headdress, with a jaunty tassel over the left ear, is very becoming to a girl or woman designed by nature to be jaunty; worn by those of different design, the effect is rather desperate. Of course, ropes of beads are still in vogue, and will be much in use as muff-chains. The cult of the bead is by no means on the wane.

The Way to Furnishing as a fine art can be Do It.

pursued on quite economical principles if the ropes are known. It cannot be thus done if one goes to an expert and says in which period each room is to be furnished. It cannot be done if one goes to big West End firms, or even big West End auctioneers, and picks out what is wanted. It can be done by visiting the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories in Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N.1.

| Continued overleaf.

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IN GOLD AND SILVER IS
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MAGAZINE PENCIL CASE
MANUFACTURED



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It is the perfection of Pencil Cases, and writes half a million words without refilling, and the leads need no sharpening. Made only in 18ct., 15ct., and 9ct. Gold and Silver.

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And Branches, LONDON, LEEDS
AND SWANSEA.



where there are always the best of the contents of town and country mansions for disposal at quite moderate prices. There are suites of bed-room furniture, in any style, sets of dining-room chairs, sideboards, drawing-room furniture, all sorts of beautiful things, genuinely antique as well as modern, and all at astonishingly moderate prices. Those who want furniture should visit these depositories the first thing they do; if so, they will go back there for what they want!

The Yoke for the Neck. It looks to me as if necks were going into a much-needed seclusion this winter, during which we hope that they will be submitted to a course of renovation and repair, if they are to emerge again in spring. At present there are few that do not bear unbecoming marks of undue exposure. Men like us as comrades, but they like us much better when our appearance is up to the mark. Nowanights five out of six women look as if they had worked hard with powder to eradicate the effects of a mustard-plaster with but ill-results. In the daylight many necks remind one forcibly of recently plucked ducklings. Consequently, it is with pleasure that we hail dainty chemisettes and collars, albeit we know them to be expensive in hard times. They give protection to unspoiled throats, and they hide the ravages of sun and wind on spoiled ones, on which even the cleverest of skin specialists have worked in vain.

A Fair Chance. Every ill that human flesh is heir to is now attributed to teeth. They are rather traitorous possessions. Or is it the other way round—we, their owners, do not always give them a fair chance? A visit to the dentist is the very last visit any of us desire to pay, and only pain drives the majority of us to make it. Now about the use of Pepsodent there is nothing disagreeable; quite the reverse, it is most agreeable to use. In ten days it will have the dull film off one's teeth, and film it is that absorbs discolouration and other far more seriously resulting things. A coupon cut from this paper will secure a ten-day trial tube free; and a ten-day trial will so alter the appearance of teeth for the better as to secure a permanent use of this New Day Dentifrice—one which millions are now using, and which honest dentists recommend.

Plucky People. "Never say die" must be the motto of the organisers of entertainments in aid of good causes. Despite the waves of economy which are now breaking over us, of necessity and not of choice, these persevering people go steadily on, and we have fêtes, fairs, theatricals, professional matinées, and several circulars by the post every morning pleading for money for something. It is well it should be so, although one admits to irritation in consigning the pleas to the "w.p.b.," because to consider addition to what one has been doing is impossible. The

entertainments help to keep the social ball moving, and are extraordinarily successful in the operation of producing blood from a post. No one has any money, yet everyone spends a little at these affairs, and apparently does not miss it; but the organisers must be plucky people.

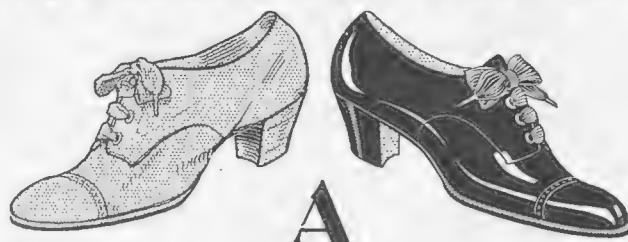
A Curious Ambition.

One would imagine that the events of the last decade would have cured any man with a sensible mind from a wish to be a King, especially in Central Europe. Karl, for a short time an Emperor, evidently did not have enough of it. He is described in the "Almanach de Gotha" as Apostolic King of Hungary, and his efforts to sit on that throne are amusing, if they are not pathetic. He is the son of an Austrian Archduke and Archduchess, and great-nephew of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, who was tolerated during his latter years because he was very old and very cranky. Karl's wife, quite a pretty woman, is the tenth in a family of seventeen brothers and sisters of the Duke of Parma. The lady has reached seven in following the example of her own mother in the way of a large family, and one might have thought that the seven, the youngest a baby, would have occupied her thoughts and ambitions to the exclusion of starting in an aeroplane in search of a throne.

Those who have not already visited the exhibition of water-colours of London and elsewhere by Mr. Cecil King, at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, should make a point of doing so before it closes on Nov. 19. Mr. King's water-colours include a number of street scenes in which he has cleverly exploited the pictorial possibilities of crowds of people. He is showing scenes of Spain, London, and Wales, as well as a number of pictures painted when he was with the Battle Fleet in the Mediterranean last year. The whole collection is well worth a visit.

One does not often get the chance of doing a good action by helping a charity which has the sympathy of all the world, and thoroughly enjoying oneself as well, but Sir Arthur Pearson is able to offer us all the opportunity of doing this. It is a simple affair—you merely have to go out and spend five shillings on a hundred St. Dunstan cigarettes. They are an excellent blend, made and marketed by the well-known firm of Carreras, Ltd., and each one which is smoked materially helps the After Care work for the St. Dunstan's Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. Sir Arthur Pearson suggests that every smoker might give the St. Dunstan cigarette a "run" of thirty days, as the habit of smoking a particular brand is one which cannot be formed unless a fair trial of the cigarette is given. This is a small thing to ask, and, in view of the excellence of the cigarette and of the cause, it is to be hoped that everyone will "smoke for St. Dunstan's."

Old Suede Shoes Made New



"NUGGET" Achievement

Do you know that you can take a pair of old suede shoes (no matter what colour) and make them look like new black leather shoes—All you have to do—apply black "Nugget" freely all over—polish in the ordinary way—Repeat the process three times—Try it on the oldest suede shoes you have. You will be astonished. Your old summer shoes made to look and serve you like new black winter shoes. Prove it now—

Buy a tin, but be sure IT IS—

"NUGGET"

The BOOT POLISH that gives new life to old suede shoes.

4.
TINS.

6.
TINS.

No. 813.

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BOLS' VERY OLD GIN

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CRÈME DE MENTHE
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KÜMEL

WHOLESALE AGENTS U.K.
BROWN-GORE & CO 40-TRINITY-SQUARE-LONDON-EC3.



All women are beautiful, but more so when wearing a string of

CINTRA PEARLS

They fascinate every lover of beauty and are such marvellously artistic copies of real pearls, in tone, texture, weight and durability that they have baffled even experts.

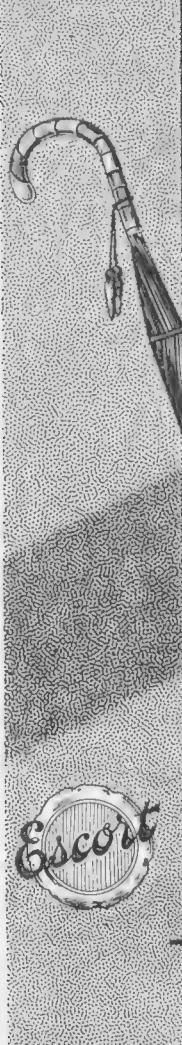
NECKLET WITH GOLD CLASP - £1

We will send you, post free, on receipt of £1, a necklet of CINTRA PEARLS, 16 inches long, with gold clasp. Other lengths at proportionate rates.

Also Brooches, Rings, Tie-Pins, etc., at £1.

Money returned if Pearls are not approved of within 10 days.

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ESCORT Umbrellas are made to look and to wear well. The foundation is a Fox's frame, and a carefully selected stick. The cover is splendid stormproof material, excellent alike for its appearance, quality and strength. There is a wide variety of finely shaped handles in polished, well-seasoned canes and woods to select from.

Escort Umbrellas are made from finest quality materials throughout, and are the best that skilful manufacture can produce.

If you will ask for and insist upon getting an Escort Umbrella, you will be certain of a very long service of usefulness.

Ask your outfitter or dealer to show you a selection. Look for the red seal and the name "Escort" written upon it. The range is wide and the prices are reasonable.

Escort Umbrellas

If unable to obtain, write Manufacturers, "Escort Umbrellas," 8 & 9, Paddington Street, London, W.1; for name of nearest dealer.

Avoid Cheap Imitations of

APIS

UNSTAINABLE CUTLERY

Unless made with the greatest care stainless cutlery will develop marks in use.

Every piece of APIS is guaranteed and replaced free of charge if found defective in use.

Large and Small Table Knives, Carvers, Canteens, Penknives.

Of all First-class Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, &c., or in case of difficulty, write for list and address of nearest stockist, to

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Sole Proprietors of APIS.



THE SPANIARDS, HAMPSTEAD
achieved fame as a highwayman's inn, being the resort of Dick Turpin, and was visited by the little more legendary Mrs Bardell, the plaintiff in the Pickwick trial. It was also the rendezvous of many real notabilities, such as Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, and Gainsborough—men of a period when good port was all-essential to good company.

Visitors to this roadside inn of the Heath may still drink there a glass of the best in Port—now branded "Concord" for convenience in ordering.

CONCORD PORT
W.H. Chaplin & Co., Ltd., 48, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

CITY NOTES.

MARK OVER

THE whole of Europe—and America as well, to some extent—is obsessed with the mark. "Facilis descensus" is only too true in a case like the present one, when once holders get nervous, and that is just what holders of marks are to-day.

There is a very generally held view that the depreciation of German currency is, in part at any rate, deliberate, and, as we pointed out a week or two ago, there are material advantages in such a course for Germany. It might be a very convenient method of repudiating the internal debt.

Apart altogether from the correctness or otherwise of these surmises, there is ample evidence that the country's financial position is very unstable. The printing press continues to turn out enormous numbers of marks, the latest return showing that the note circulation increased in one week by 3,383,484,000 to something over 90 milliards in all. This is an increase of nearly 30 milliards in twelve months, so that it is hardly surprising that Germans—and everyone else holding marks—should be falling over one another in acquiring other currencies, or anything else of value. It would have been very difficult to stop a certain crowd that ran down a steep place into the sea, and the German seems to be suffering from a similar disease.

Our own view is that a measure of inflation was part of the industrialists' policy, but that the affair has now got completely out of hand, and that they are powerless to control the position and prevent the inevitable smash.

CORDOBA CENTRAL.

We are all inclined to think that our own troubles are much worse than anybody else's, and it is interesting to find that this South American railway has had to face very much the same difficulties that our own companies have had to meet of recent years. Shorter hours, higher wages, strikes, and general unrest have brought the working expenses up to over two and a half millions sterling. Gross receipts showed a decline from £3,116,400 to £2,836,000 for the year ending June last, so that the ratio of working expenses to receipts rose from just under 80 per cent. to just under 90 per cent., and the net results are correspondingly reduced. Over there, as over here, Government intervention is one of the greatest handicaps under which the Company operates; but we are inclined to think that natural laws will eventually be allowed to

take their course, and the Company should then be able to resume its profitable career.

STOCK EXCHANGE COMMISSION.

One of the partners in a well-known firm of Stock Exchange brokers writes to us upon the subject of returning half-commission to agents, upon business introduced by the latter. He says—

"How much money is involved in the return of commission to agents, during the year, by the London Stock Exchange and the other exchanges which follow its example, I should hesitate to guess, but it must be something very substantial. The broker does eighty per cent. of the work, and returns half of the commission. The proportion is too high. If it be deemed desirable to make a return at all, a smaller percentage than fifty should be fixed. Personally, I do not believe that the great majority of agents want to take as much as half-commission. They know it is too considerable, having regard to the labour, the risk, and the expenses involved. But the Stock Exchange cannot expect them (the agents) to come cap in hand and ask to be paid less than half-commission. The Committee must make the first move, and of the Committee's sincerity in their desire to help fellow-members there can be no doubt whatever. The times are critical, and therefore so much the riper for introducing a reform of this character. If something is not done, I fear there will be many who may have to 'retire' next March.—Yours, etc., X."

We may commend the subject to the attention of the Stock Exchange Committee as being worth their consideration.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Not one man in ten thousand—I might say not one man in fifty thousand—knows of this room," said the broker to Our Stroller.

"I suppose there are plenty of Londoners know about it."

"I meant Londoners when I said not one man in fifty thousand. Yet it's very interesting, you know."

The attendant took out of a bookcase a quaint little square volume, the oldest extant Stock Exchange Official List; the date 1714. The print perfectly clear, the paper slightly brown at the edges, the quotations legible as this page.

Our Stroller examined it curiously; the broker handled it with a touch of veneration. "It must be worth some money," quoth our friend.

"Priceless," replied the broker. "Literally priceless, because it could no more be replaced than Queen Anne, who died in the year that the List was published."

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR £100 COMPETITION.

ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS:—

1. *What feature, from the literary, artistic, or printing point of view, do you think best in "The Sketch"?*
2. *What feature, from the same points of view, do you like least in "The Sketch," or would prefer to be omitted from its pages?*
3. *What feature not at present published in "The Sketch" would you like to see introduced?*

No literary, technical, or artistic talent is required. Study of the paper and common-sense are alone needed.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS (£100) WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE THREE BEST ANSWERS from any one reader to the three questions printed here. It must be understood, of course, that the Editor's decision as to the winner of the prize is final and cannot be discussed.

Each set of questions and answers should be written on a sheet of paper and signed with a pen-name. Another sheet of paper should bear your pen-name and your actual name and address. Thus:

SHEET 1.

1. *The feature I like best in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
 2. *The feature I like least in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
 3. *The feature I should like added to "The Sketch" is, etc., etc.*

(Signed)

CROIX DE GUERRE.

SHEET 2.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

ADAM ABEL,

3917, Blank Grove,

W.

On receipt of these, the sheets will be separated, and the Editor will only see the pages signed with the pen-name. This is so that the Editor of *The Sketch* may not know to whose opinion he has given the prize, until after he has given the decision. Thus he will judge without knowing whose opinion he has seen.

The name of the winner and his, or her, address will be published; but, obviously, not the suggestions.

NOTE.—All answers must reach "The Sketch" Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, before Jan. 1, 1922. They should be addressed, "Competition," "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

XMAS SEASON Sale OF SILVERWARE, JEWELLERY, FANCY GOODS, WINES, CIGARS, &c.

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present prices

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One minute from
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Entrances also in
Coventry Street and Oxenden Street
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Write for Complete Sale Lists, packed with Bargains from all Departments.



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You are sure to see Stetson
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gentlemen congregate.

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JEWELLERY, &c.

| | Usual Price | Sale Price |
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| Silver Cigarette Box to hold 50. | | |
| Size 5 x 3½ x 2½ in. | £7 15 0 | £6 10 0 |
| Silver Roll-up Manicure Set, 8 pieces, plain suede case | £4 10 0 | £3 10 0 |
| 5-piece Silver Brush Sets, plain | £7 15 0 | £6 6 0 |
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| All Diamond Cluster Ring, fine quality | £8 8 0 | £6 15 0 |
| Gold Merrythought Slave Bangle | £4 0 0 | £3 5 0 |
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| Very fine, two-handled fluted Soup Tureen, 12 x 12 ins. | £10 10 0 | £8 0 0 |

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| Port. | Present Price. | Sale Price per doz. bottles. |
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| No. 24. Superior, medium colour . . . | 48/- | 42/- |
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|--------------------------------------|------|------|
| Medoc, Superior 1916 | 32/- | 24/- |
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CIGARS.

| Length of Cigar. | In boxes of 100. | Present Price. | Sale Price per 100. |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| Cabanas Coronas | 5 ½-in. 100 | 230/- | 190/- |
| Regalia chica | 4 1/8-in. 50 | 120/- | 110/- |
| Bolivar Crème de la Crème | 4 3/8-in. 100 | 125/- | 100/- |

SPECIAL OFFER OF 100,000 CIGARETTES

HAYMARKET PURE VIRGINIA

4/6 per 100. Parcel of 500 post free.

"LIQALL" PETROL FILLERS.

No Motorist or Motor Cyclist is fully equipped without this valuable pouring device, which is now admitted to be the premier FILLER throughout the entire MOTOR WORLD. It saves time, prevents Waste, and ensures perfect cleanliness.

"LIQALL" EQUIPMENT NO. 1

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Contains in strong Leather Holder, Type "A" FILLER, and Can Opener and necessary extension flexible tube, and fitments for complete Type Ax. Invaluable for reaching awkward Tanks.

Price complete 22/6

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Provides in same manner Types "C" and Cr.

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SOLE PROPRIETORS & MANUFACTURERS

The SAFETY PETROL FILLER Co., Ltd., Bedford Place, Northampton.



Thomas Inch.

I CURE WEAK NERVES

I want every reader of the *Sketch* who suffers from nerve weakness or ill-health of any description to write at once for my free book on nerve trouble.

I can positively cure sleeplessness, the worry habit, irritability, palpitation, sudden exhaustion, heaviness of limbs, in fact, ANY heart, nerve or stomach trouble.

You cannot be happy or a social or business success with weak nerves. Let me make you fit so that you become the success you were meant to be. My treatment has been tested with difficult shellshock cases during the war and emerged with flying colours.

TO THE MIDDLE-AGED.

I hold some extraordinary testimonials from pupils even over 60 as to the wonderful rejuvenating powers of the INCH HOME TREATMENT. You are invited to lay full details of your case before me, and I will send book and diagnosis by return without fee or obligation. Enclose a 3d. stamp.

THOMAS INCH (Dept. S.K.) 74, Clarendon Rd., Putney, London, S.W.15.

Continued.]

Our Stroller was glancing at the rows of other Stock Exchange Lists which lined the shelves. The way in which the lists increased in size, and in days of publication, intrigued his curiosity. "I'd like to spend half a day here," said he.

"Come on," laughed the broker. "We've wasted enough time as it is."

"Not wasted," his client returned. "I'm glad you brought me. What market is this?"

"Not so loud," remonstrated the Stock Exchange man. "I remember some of your former experiences, even if you don't remember them yourself. They deal in Deep Levels here, Kaffirs there, Chartered in the middle, and Russos on our left."

"I've got some Russos at twelve-and-six."

"So has everybody else. Some people averaged at five bob, but—"

"What do you think of them?"

"Not a great deal. The Company has a very long way to go before it can arrive at a paying stage."

"Probably. But won't there always be a good deal of gambling in the shares, in the same way as in Chartered?"

"I daresay there will. I'd rather have Chartered at ten shillings than Russos at half the price."

"Both cheap at those figures. Excuse me a second."

Our Stroller turned to the left and leaned against the desk, studying the lists of alterations in Stock Exchange firms, and the other official notices.

"Shall I buy him Santa Gertrudis, Burmah Corporations, or Maypole?" he heard a broker say. "They all stand fairly close to one another in price."

"Maypole, of course. There's no comparison. Why, I think Maypole are cheap, even to-day. Santas have a sporting chance, of course, if you're a believer in Mexico."

"Prices all round the House have got down to such levels," declared a third broker, "that it's the devil's own job to attempt advising people."

"Yet they keep on asking."

"I know. And all you can tell them is that their shares are too low to sell, that the prospects depend entirely upon trade conditions, and that if the man will hold them long enough, he will see better prices by-and-by."

"It's not entirely a satisfactory answer," a jobber observed. "Can't see that it takes your man much further. He could find out all that for himself if he used his thinking-box."

"Then what can you say?" demanded the broker. "You add a

dash of local colour by referring to the price of gold if you're asked about Kaffirs; to the costs of labour if it's iron and steel; to possible legislation if it's Home Rails. But the primary elements in the picture are much about the same."

"What connection do you see between Kaffirs and Home Rails? It seems to me that your illustrations might be more carefully studied."

"So might your grammar. Listen. If the public are buying Kaffirs because the outlook's brighter, that same outlook will extend far beyond South Africa, and it cannot come into the picture unless world-wide conditions improve. Which conditions, in their turn, would influence Home Rails: directly or indirectly."

"Well, I think you're right to qualify your statement—"

"There's a certain pinc'l of salted truth in what he says—"

"—we should lose more than ever," maintained a voice close to, "if we had to come to town on Saturday. Now, there's no lunch to buy, no coffee. The garden, or golf; an old coat and a once-was collar; a—"

"Once-was collar?"

"Once-was-clean, of course. We aren't producers in the Stock Exchange, so it does nobody any harm if we are away from work, using the word in its flattering sense, of course, and—"

"—beggars mustn't be choosers, my boy. If clients refuse to speculate, we must humour them by taking their investment orders."

"Which they still seem willing enough to send us. Only, the standard of things changes so rapidly nowadays that what was an investment last night may be a gamble by to-morrow afternoon."

"Your infernal fondness for cheap epigram leads you too often astray, dear lad."

"Yet Mexican Eagles we considered a sound investment at 6½, whereas at half that price people look upon them as a gamble."

"As, indeed, they are. One day they will be worth buying, but at present—" he shrugged a sceptical shoulder.

His companion looked thoughtful. "Well," said he, "considering the way that Shells have shrunk and Eagles have had their wings clipped—"

"Excuse me, Sir," said a Stock Exchange waiter to Our Stroller.

Friday, Nov. 11, 1921.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SWANSEA.—Their Piccadilly Hotel deal was a very unsatisfactory one on the latest figures, but the Company is well managed otherwise.



The Secret of Charm.

A perfect complexion has a particular fascination. Careful and regular use of the right emollient goes a long way towards securing a soft white skin and the delicate bloom of complexion-health.

BEETHAM'S La-rola
(AS PRE-WAR)

nourishes and preserves the skin, keeps it smooth and fresh and free from dryness and wrinkles. It is the ideal protection against all kinds of weather. Rub gently into face, neck, arms, morning and evening, and wipe off with a soft towel. The improvement it will make in your appearance will soon be noticed.

From all Chemists and Stores.
1/6 and 2/6 per Bottle.

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

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VICHY-CELESTINS
The French Natural Mineral Water.

"For those who suffer from GOUT and its attendant troubles there is no better table water than that which comes from the Célestins' spring. It is practically indispensable for such patients, and its reputation is time-honoured. Moreover, it is a water that is agreeable to the taste and easy of digestion; it can be drunk, at meals pure or mixed with wine."—*Medical Times*.

VICHY-CELESTINS
is regularly imported and obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, &c.

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Estab. 35 Years. Highest Awards 12 Gold Medals.

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UNEQUALLED VALUE. PERFECT FIT.
EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS. BEST STYLES.
"HALLZONE" IDEAL
OVERCOATS
at less than cost
from £6 6 0
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We SPECIALISE in
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Perfect fit
guaranteed from
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can leave RECORD MEASURES
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Cheapest & Best. 1d. per hour.
60 Styles to choose from.
Write for List.
The Lights and Heaters that
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Clean and Economical.

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STANLEY'S (STRATFORD) LTD.
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1st Floor, London, W.1
No. 210 Table
Lamp, 80/-

Maison Lyons Chocolates

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of Maison Lyons Chocolates to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!

J LYONS & CO., Ltd., London, W.



The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

Caterers by appointment to His Majesty the King.

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a ménage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.

J. LYONS & Co., Ltd.,
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ARE SOLD BY MOST HIGH-
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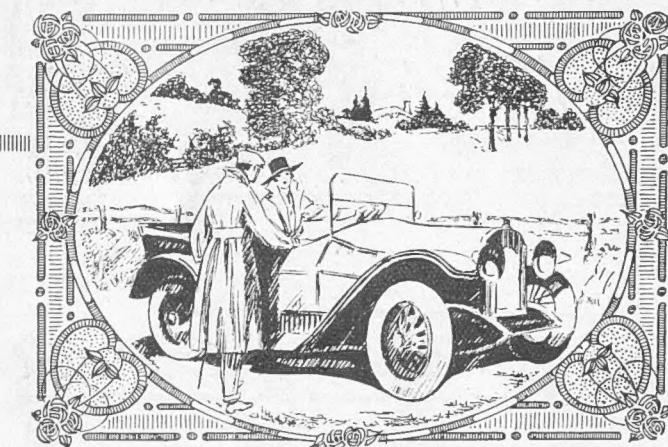
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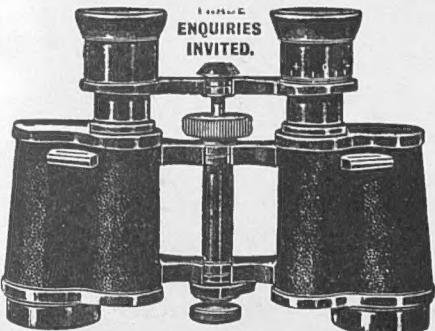
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